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February 1917

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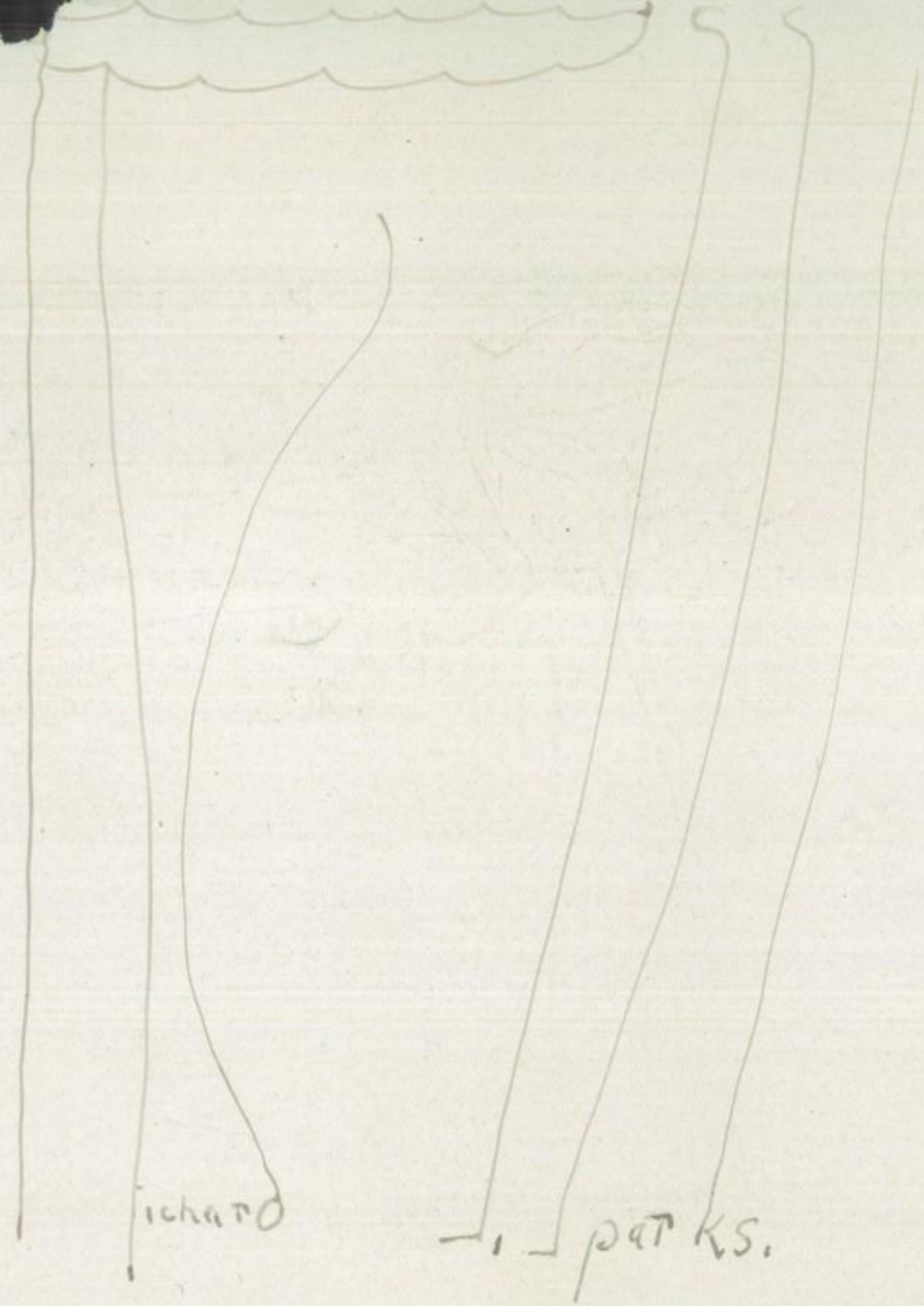
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THE NAME OF MANUAL ARTS IS KNOWN AND HONORED AFAR. WITHIN HER PRECINCTS WE HAVE TRIED AS A CLASS AND AS INDIVIDUALS TO UPHOLD HER STANDARDS. BY ASSOCIATIONS AND FRIENDSHIPS WE ARE FOREVER BOUND IN AFFECTION TO OUR SCHOOL. IT IS WITH THE EARNEST WISH THAT EACH SUCCEEDING CLASS MAY CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING TO HER GREATNESS THAT WE SAY GOOD-BYE.

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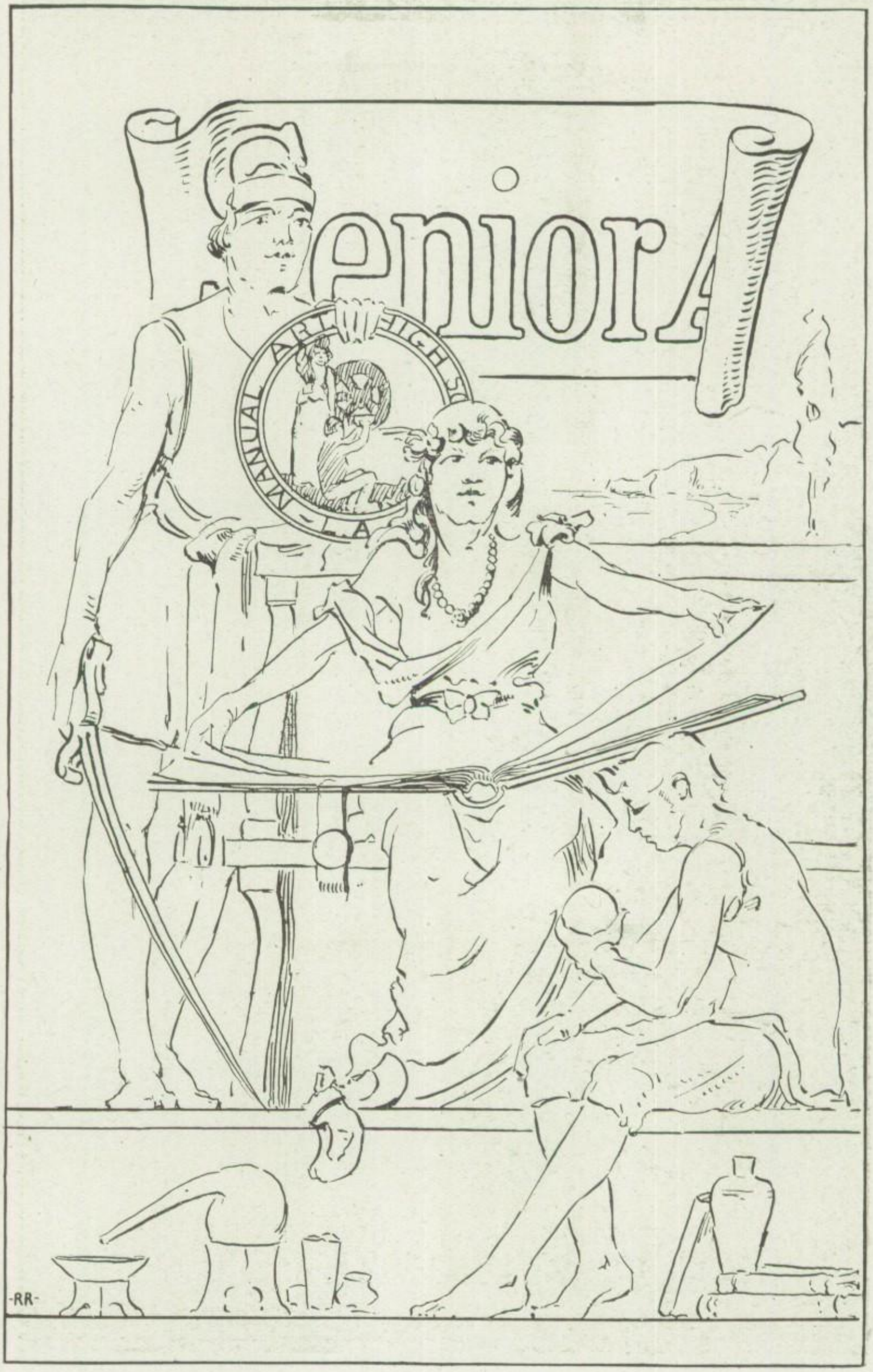
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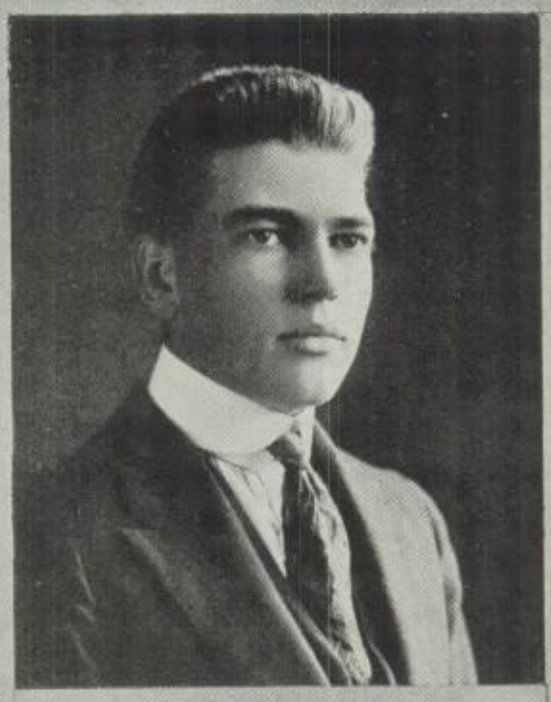

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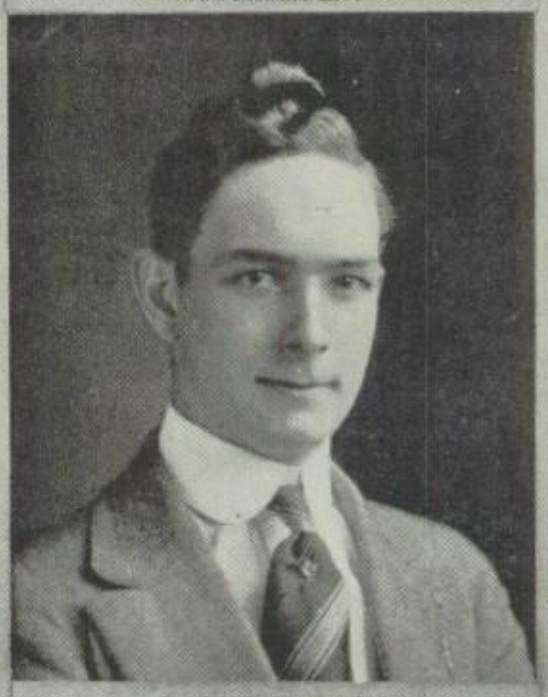

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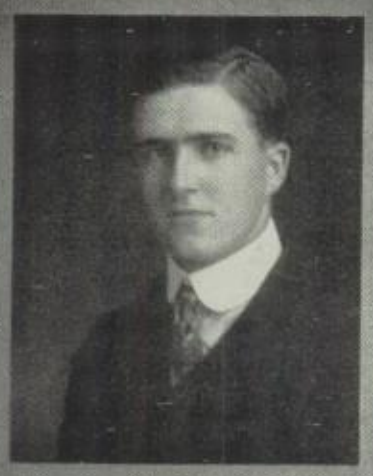

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GRADUATING CLASS

Class History

The present graduating class has given a progressive spirit to the history of the school from "Scrub" days to the present Senior honor.

In February, nineteen thirteen, the present class entered Manual. Their first education in the school took the form of an explanatory and advisory talk by Dr. Wilson. Now, at the close of high school life, we hear Dr. Wilson again.

The first year was one of cautious advancement, which is true of all freshmen. The knowledge of the school gained in the first year enabled the class to spread itself during the sophomore terms.

During the A10 term, great activity was manifested in the class. A weekly paper, published by the students of the then A10 class room 365, was issued throughout the term. This paper, known as "Pep," did for the class what the Weekly does for the school—promote collective spirit. Though this was essentially a class room paper, it was of interest to the whole school, particularly the other A10 class rooms.

The students of 365 had, for the most part, "lived" there for two years and consequently a peculiar bond existed between them. With the issuance of "Pep," they became known as the "Tribe of Pep" and individuals in the present class are commonly referred to as members of the "Pep Tribe." It goes without saying that the "Tribe of Pep" is the nucleus of the class of Winter Seventeen.

All through the four years of our high school life, we have had an advisor who has taken pride and interest in the class of Winter Seventeen. Miss Oyler has guided us to the position of Seniors and it was she who was chief of the "Clan of Pep." With the completion of this term, Miss Oyler is leaving school, like the students of the class, after a four years' residence.

As we passed to our Junior year, a larger percentage of our class engaged in school activities—football, basketball, track and baseball. We were showing our school "pep."

At last we became Senior B's, having the usual fight and delight over colors. Our Adelphic day will be long remembered as one of the most unique and effective presentations of any Senior class. Our picnics were the envy of all, particularly the Senior A's. Our parties were huge successes and a strong class spirit grew which has continued to graduation. As Senior B's, we were united under three class advisers—Miss Oyler, Miss Jones, and Mr. Quintin.

Life as Senior B's was a perfect heaven—we did not think a more enjoyable term could be possible, but with our passing to class room 329, the realm of all Senior A classes, we all agreed that the joys (and sorrows) of a Senior A were the greatest possible. We opened our Senior A year after the summer vacation with a bang, having a glorious picnic the first week of school. Our class teachers became our companions; they were as fellow students.

Another big picnic occurred in October, being given by our three "good comrades," the class teachers. Though our class is considered small, consisting of a hundred and twenty-six students, our picnics and

parties have been the best of any Senior A class. The Senior "hop" was another of our successes, as were our other entertainments of the term.

We have those who have made good on various school teams, and in art and literature. The various and numerous clubs of the school contain a pleasing representation from the Senior A's. All members of the "Tribe" who graduate with the class of Winter Seventeen, have made a name for themselves; all hold or have held positions of paramount importance in our school life.

Our class has made a place for itself in the annals of the school and will be remembered by present members of the Student Body and faculty. We bequeath our "Pep" to succeeding classes.

R. L. L.

NIGHT

By Jo Leavitt

To your calling I have answered, wondrous night.
All around thee clings the breath of blood-red flowers,
A white owl like a flake of moonlight
Floats across the sky.
Upon the soft, warm sand no step is heard,
Across the silver lighted valley
Lies a lake as black as ebony.
The bellowing of a deer in the distance
Or the squabbling of some bird for an instant in the thicket—
These only break thy silence, beauteous night.

Senior Records

Thru modesty on their part, several representative students have no record printed herewith. Nearly every member of the class belongs to one or more of the student organizations.

NANNIE ADAMS. German Club, 2, 3; Mimerian, 2, 3.

MADELINE E. ALEXANDER. Players' Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 1, 2, 3; Vice-President Senior B class; Council, 2, 3; "Greatest Thing in the World."

ASHTON ALLEN. Council 1; Boys' Self Government, 3; Weekly staff, 2, 3, 4; Press Manager, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4 (Vice-President, 3).

LOUISE BALDERMAN. Mimerian, 3, 4; German Club, 3, 4; Play Committee, 4; Artisan Staff, 4; "Too Many Crooks."

INITH BALLENGER. Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Dollar Marks, 4; Girls' Self Government, 1.

GLADYS E. BARNES. Girls' Self Government, 4; Girls' Jury, 3; Girls' League, 3; Chorus, 2, 3.

FLORENCE A. BENTLEY. Players' Club, 2, 3, 4; Pen and Pencil, 2, 3; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4 (Secretary, 4); Secretary Senior A Class; Mimerian, 3; Girls' Self Government, 3; "Snow White."

MADGE EVELYN BIDDLE. Mimerian, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Glee Club, 4; President Glee Club, 4.

EDWARD BREMER. Spanish Club, 4 (Secretary, 4).

LOUISE M. BRICKWOOD. Spanish Club, 4; Latin Club, 4; French Club, 4.

HENRY JAMES BRIEN. Spanish Club, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Boys' Self Government, 3.

LENA CANATELLA. Council, 2; Gym Club, 2, 3; Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 2, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4 (Vice-President, 4); Secretary Girls' League, 2; Dancing Club, 2, 3, 4; Delegate to Girls' League Convention at Long Beach, 3; Artisan Staff, 4; "Blue Bird."

ROBERT CARLQUIST. Spanish Club, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Council, 1, 4; Mathematics Club, 4; Treasurer Senior B Class.

CARL M. CLARK. Mimerian, 1; Auditorium Committee.

EMILY VIRGINIA CRAIG. Hockey, 3; Basketball, 4.

MARTIN EDWARD CLARK. Spanish Club, 3.

BASIL AUSTIN CLOUGH. Boys' Self Government, 1, 4; Boys' Jury, 3.

EDNA COFFEE. Dollar Marks, 3, 4; Secretary, 4; Chemistry Club, 3, 4 (Secretary, 4); Student Body Auditor, 4.

ELWOOD WILLIAM CRANE. Mimerian, 1, 3; Council, 4; Boys' Self Government, 4; President Senior A class.

GEORGE ROLAND COOPER. Debating, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Secretarial Association, 4; Mimerian, 4.

GUYDA CRONEMILLER.

HAZEL DARMS.

MAE MADELINE DAVIS. Dancing, 2, 3, 4; Swimming, 4; Chemistry Club; Latin Club, German Club.

ALTHEA MARY DAWSON. Spanish Club, 2, 3; Chemistry Club, 3; Senior Dancing, 4; Swimming, 4; Basketball, 4.

MARGUERITE DIGGS. Players' Club, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Girls' Jury, 3.

HARLEY E. DOERR. Chemistry Club, 4.

JOSEPHINE LORENE DOWNS. Latin Club, 2; Tennis Club, 3; Natural History Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

J. ARTHUR DUFFY.

MILDRED LUCILE EBY. Players' Club, 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 3; Secretary Senior B class; Latin Club, 4.

MARTHA EMMONS. Girls' Self Government, 2, 3, 4; Mimerian, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4.

JOAN EPSTEIN. French Club, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 4; Mimerian, 4; Natural History Club, 4.

FRIEDA ESCHRICH. German Club, 2, 3; Secretary to Mr. Clayton, 3; Dollar Marks, 4; Efficiency Club, 4; Student Body Auditor, 4; Secretarial Association, 4.

CLAUDINE EWING. Girls' Self Government, 1, 2; French Club, 2; Players' Club, 2, 3 ; Secretary, 3.

PALOMA FEAR. Girls' Self Government, 2; Mimerian, 2, 3, 4; Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4 (Vice-President, 3); Players' Club, 3, 4; Council, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Debating, 2; "Snow White."

DONALD FETHER. Boys' Self Government, 3; Basketball, 3, 4.

WILBUR FIRMIN. Council, 2, 3; Manager Artisan, 4; Treasurer Adelphic, 4; Boys' Self Government, 2.

HAROLD GALLOWAY. Football, 2, 3, 4 (Captain, 4); Basketball, 3, 4; Boys' Self Government, 2; Water Polo, 2, 3, 4.

JOE D. GEORGE. From Hutchinson High School, Kansas.

JOSEPHINE R. GIDLEY. Pen and Pencil, 2, 3, 4; Latin Club, 4; Mimerian, 3, 4; Weekly Staff, 4; Artisan Staff, 4; Pen and Pencil Staff, 4.

JEANETTE GILBERT. Mimerian, 4; Girls' Glee Club, 4; From San Diego High School.

OSBORNE GILKEY. Boys' Self Government, 4; Trail Club, 3, 4; M. P. Stage, 4; Dollar Marks, 3.

JACK GOSMAN. Stage Crew, 2, 3, 4; Electrician, 3, 4; Assistant Manager, 4.

FLORENCE GOODELL. Mimerian, 2; Latin Club, 2; French Club, 4; Girls' League Secretary, 3; Girls' Self Government, 1, 2.

GLADYS ELLALINE GREENE. Spanish Club, 3; Girls' Self Government, 2.

BEDFORD GRIFFIN. Council, 3; Football, 4.

DORIS HAIGHT. Girls' Self Government, 3, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Artisan Staff, 4.

MARIE LUCILE HALL. German Club, 2, 3, 4.

CELESTE SHEPHERD HAND. French Club, 3; Artisan Staff, 4; Vice-President Adelphic, 4; Tennis Club, 4; Delegate So. California Press Association, 4; "The Blue Bird."

MAYNARD A. HANDLEY.

KENNETH HAUN. Boys' Vice-President Adelphic, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Mimerian, 3.

LAWRENCE G. HALLOCK. Council, 2; Book Exchange, 2, 3.

GRACE HARDWICK.

KATHRYN EVALON HARRINGTON. Council, 1; Girls' Self Government, 2, 3; Secretary Girls' League, 2, 3; Cabinet, 3; Pen and Pencil.

MAVIS-CLAIRE HARRIS. Mimerian, 1, 3; Fancy Dancing, 3, 4; Latin Club, 3, 4; Girls' League Cabinet, 3; Natural History Club, 4; Secretary, 4; Girls' Gym Club, 2; "The Blue Bird."

JOHN FRANKLIN HART. From Polytechnic High School.

MILDRED MARY HENRY. Hockey, 3; Girls' League Cabinet, 4; Latin Club, 2, 3, 4; Consul Latin Club, 4; Quaestor, 3; Debating Club, 2, 3; Chemistry Club, 3, 4.

CORA EUNICE HERMAN. Mimerian, 4; Chemistry Club, 3; Agriculture Club, 4.

LIZABEL HEMENEZ. Mimerian, 4; Spanish Club, 2, 3; Stagecraft, 3.

EVA HICKOX. Dancing, 3, 4.

HENRY HILLOCK. Council, 3; Boys' Self Government, 2, 3; Boys' Jury, 4; Football, 3, 4.

DAISY HOFFMAN. Girls' League Secretary, 4; Girls' Self Government, 3; Council, 4; German Club, 3, 4 (Vice-President, 4).

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ERWARD HOMER HOWARD. Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; Council, 3; Boys' Self Government, 1, 2.

EMOGENE HOWARD. Girls' Self Government, 4; Prosecuting Attorney, 4; Artisan Staff, 4; French Club, 3, 4; Play Committee, 4.
FLOYD MEACHEM HUMPHREY. Vice-President Senior A class; Secretary and Treasurer Glee Club, 4; "Serenade."
NINON JACOBIE. Girls' Self Government, 1; Mimerian, 3, 4; Cabinet, 1; Hockey, 3; Spanish Club, 4; Girls' Jury, 4.
KIRK M. JOHNSON. Council, 1; Boys' Self Government, 4; Artisan Staff, 4; Basketball, 4.
BOURN JONES. Orchestra, 1, 3, 4; String Quartette, 3, 4; German Club, 4 (Secretary and Treasurer, 4); Treasurer Adelphic, 4.
ROBERT KADOW. Mimerian, 3; Basketball, 4; President Mathematics Club, 4; Chemistry Club, 4.
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CATHERINE LETTY McCOMBS. Girls' Self Government, 1; Spanish Club, 2.
EDITH VIVIAN MILLS. Latin Club, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Mimerian, 3.
ALICE MINTER. Girls' Gym Club, 3; Latin Club, 4; Hockey, 2, 3; Artisan Staff, 4.
WALLACE McGEE. Boys' Self Governnment, 2, 3; Vice-President Senior B class, 4; Vice-President S. B. O., 4.
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GRACE CECELIA PETERSON. Spanish Club, 2.
HELEN PIERCE. Latin Club, 2, 3, 4; Mimerian, 4; Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Girls' Vice-President Senior A class.

CHARLOTTE PINKIERT. German Club, 2, 3; Mimerian, 4; Natural History Club, 4; Girls' Self Government, 4.

GLADYS MARVEL PREWITT. Girls' Self Government, 3; Artisan Staff, 4.

PHYLLIS SMITH PURTELL. Mimerian, 3, 4.

RUSSELL H. REAY. Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Mathematics Club, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Boys' Self Government, 4.

GERTRUDE RUMMELL. French Club, 2, 3, 4; Dancing, 3, 4.

HELEN WILHELMENIA SAATHOFF. Mimerian, 2, 3; Pen and Pencil, 2, 3; German Club, 3.

KATHERINE C. SCHAAF. Girls' Self Government, 2, 3, 4; Hockey, 3, 4; Dollar Marks, 4; Treasurer Secretarial Association, 4.

MARGARET SHIELDS. Self Government, 4; Council, 3.

JOHN ALBERT SCHMIDT.

PAUL SENGEBUSH. Boys' Self Government, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 4.

JEROME W. SHILLING. Boys' Self Government, 2; Football, 4; Secretary Chemistry Club, 3.

FRANCIS D. SMITH. Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Architectural Club, 4; Boys' Self Government, 3, 4.

LILLIAN EASTON SMITH. Girls' Self Government, 1; Archery Club, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4.

VERA BELLE SMYTH. Pen and Pencil, 1, 2, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 4; Fancy Dancing, 2, 3, 4; Artisan Staff, 4; Mimerian, 4.

JACK SOISTER.

EDITH DOROTHY SWANSON. President Secretarial Association, 4; Secretary to Dr. Wilson, 4.

BERNICE E. THAYER. Girls' Self Government, 2; Basketball, 4.

DORA THOMAS. German Club 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 1; Dancing, 3, 4.

MARGARET TODD. Spanish Club, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 3; Chemistry Club, 3, 4.

CHARLES TONEY. Football, 3, 4.

VALERIA D. TOTTEN. Latin Club, 4.

MILDRED HELEN TRYON. Girls' Glee Club, 3, 4; Spanish Club, 3, 4; Manager Girls' Basketball, 4.

HELEN LOUISE TURNER.

FRANK DUNCAN TURNER. Agricultural Club, 3, 4; Boys' Self Government, 2, 4.

ROBERT B. TURNER. Council, 3; Boys' Self Government, 3.

MARY LUCILE TYNER. Dancing, 2, 3, 4; Girls' Self Government, 3.

ZILPHA PERRY WALBRIDGE.

BESSIE A. WALKER.

HARRY GLADSTONE WILSON. Spanish Club, 2, 3; Chemistry Club, 3; Treasurer Senior A class.

EDNA MAY WILBUR. Mimerian, 2, 3, 4; French Club, 3, 4 (President, 4).

LAWRENCE HILLIARD WILSON. Council, 3; Spanish Club, 2, 3.

WALTER E. WUESTOFF. Spanish Club, 2, 3; German Club, 4; Botany Club, 3, 4; Boys' Self Government, 2.

VAUGHN VAN WYE. Boys' Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Council, 2, 3, 4; Football, 4; Players' Club, 3, 4.

ALBERTINE M. YOUNG. Chemistry Club, 3; Hockey, 3.

Class Will

We, the honored and noble class of W'17 of the Manual Arts High School, being the courtiers and loyal subjects of Mimer, King of Learning, and being sent by our beloved sovereign as an army into distant lands to battle with the hosts of the Giant Ignorance, do wish before leaving our native land do bestow upon our fellow-countrymen our possessions, reserving only those qualities which may serve us as weapons in the coming struggle.

First: We leave to Miss Oyler, Miss Jones and Mr. Quintin, chief messengers of the King, our love and good wishes. May they forgive and forget our shortcomings.

Second: Upon Dr. Wilson, commander of the royal army, we bestow our deepest respect and appreciation of his interest in us.

Third: To Miss Dole and Mr. Fonda, chief counselors, we leave our lasting friendship.

We hereby will the following characteristics and possessions to those whom we are leaving behind.

1.—To Mr. Chase, our commencement boquets to be examined under the microscope, and classified as to family, genus and tribe.

2.—To the Senior B class, the following parts of our palace, room 329:

The chandeliers, to be draped with green and lemon colored streamers.

The seats, to be filled with mighty seniors.

The blackboard, to be covered with the names of candidates for senior offices and announcements of senior victories.

The piano, upon which the most talented musician in the class shall uphold the reputation set by former classes in the musical art.

3.—To Mrs. Eby, the names of Shigeru Kaysuyama and Kyoichi Fukuda to be used in her classes as voice exercises.

4.—To Miss Dunn, our humble apologies. The close proximity of our palace has many times disturbed the peace of her hall of learning.

5.—To Rob Wagner, the melodies of Bourne Jones' violin to soothe his soul and guide his fancy.

6.—To the commercial department, Harvey Wilson's book entitled "How to Collect Money."

7.—To the A11 class, the colors of Homer Howard's shirts, from which they are to choose their class colors.

8.—To Hubert Baty, the sympathy of the class upon the graduation of a certain fair lady.

9.—To the Senior B Basketball Team, the several abilities of Alice Minter, Bernice Thayer, Mildred Tryon, Virginia Craig, Hazel Darms, and Althea Dawson.

10.—To all the grouches, the broad smile of Wallace McGee.

11.—To the engineer, the flaming top of Kirk Johnson to keep the furnace going.

12.—To the Adelphic Society, Peck and Firmin with their rag-time.

13.—To Jimmie Polsdorfer, the curls of Dorris Haight to help his makeup the next time he plays Mary Jane on the stage.

14.—To anyone who can keep them on, Elwood Crane's specs.

15.—To those who burn the mid-night oil, Jack Soister's "I should Worry" motto.

16.—To Josephine Landrum, Celeste Hand's popularity.

17.—To Mr. Ligda, Lila Lafler's musical voice.

18.—To Dr. Wilson, the frat pins of Walter Wuestoff and Arthur Duffey.

19.—To the Manual Arts barber shop, Roland Cooper's troublesome "mop."

20.—To Richard Watson, the meekness and model behavior of Joe George, Henry Brien, Edward Breiner and Frank Turner. Said meekness shall be taken at the beginning of each period in doses of not less than one pint and increased to one quart if Richard's teachers so recommend.

21.—To Marguerite Wines, Girls' League secretary, Florence Bentley's secretarial ability.

22.—To the Mimerian Society, the "A's" now in the possession of Helen Pierce, Vera Smythe, Charlotte Pinkiert, Ninon Jacobie and Cora Herman to be distributed among the disappointed ones when the cards come out.

23.—To Mr. Wagner's art classes, Lucile Tyner, Dora Thomas and Aida Lucci to be used as models for famous paintings.

24.—To any girl in school now using peroxide who should like to reform her ways, the blonde halos of Mavis Harris and Gladys Prewitt.

25.—To Louise Thompson, Charlotte Pinkiert's admiration of "him." The income from said admiration shall be used by the legatee as long as she shall remain single.

26.—To Helen Wilson, the grace and winning manner of Lena Canatella.

27.—To the Senior B Class, the "big family" spirit of the departing class.

28.—To those girls who must run up four flights of stairs after gym, the mirrors and powder puffs of all the Senior A girls, together with their sympathy.

29.—To Grace Loudon, the Girls' League experience of Mildred Henry and Daisy Hoffman.

30.—The statues of the gridiron heroes, Harold Galloway, Henry Hillock, Charles Toney, Bedford Griffin, Emil Ostler, Vaughn Van Wye, and Jerome Schilling to be placed in Manual's Hall of Fame.

31.—To Joe Eccleston, Elwood Crane's ability to tinkle a "uke."

32.—To Ruth Schock, the stage ambitions of Madeline Alexander and Louise Balderman.

33.—To Winston Squire, Robert Carlquist's quiet demeanor.

34.—To the freshmen, the excellent examples of Lorene Downs, Margaret Todd, Valeria Totten and Madeline Davis.

35.—To the next Senior A Vice-President, the exceptional genius of Helen Pierce.

36.—To Mr. Spangler, the memory of our songsters, Martha Emmons, Jeanette Gilbert, Madge Biddle, Mildred Tryon, Inith Ballenger, and Floyd Humphrey, to cheer him when the assembly will not sing.

37.—To all unsophisticated Scrubs, Phyllis Purtell's studious habits.

38.—To Louis Korn, Paloma Fear's well-known lectures on "Socialism," "Berkeley" and "Art."

39.—To the stage crew, Nannie Adam's hard working qualities.

40.—To Miss Gephart, Rupert Larson's dictatorial manner.

41.—To the Manual Arts trophy case, Nora Biller's athletic record.

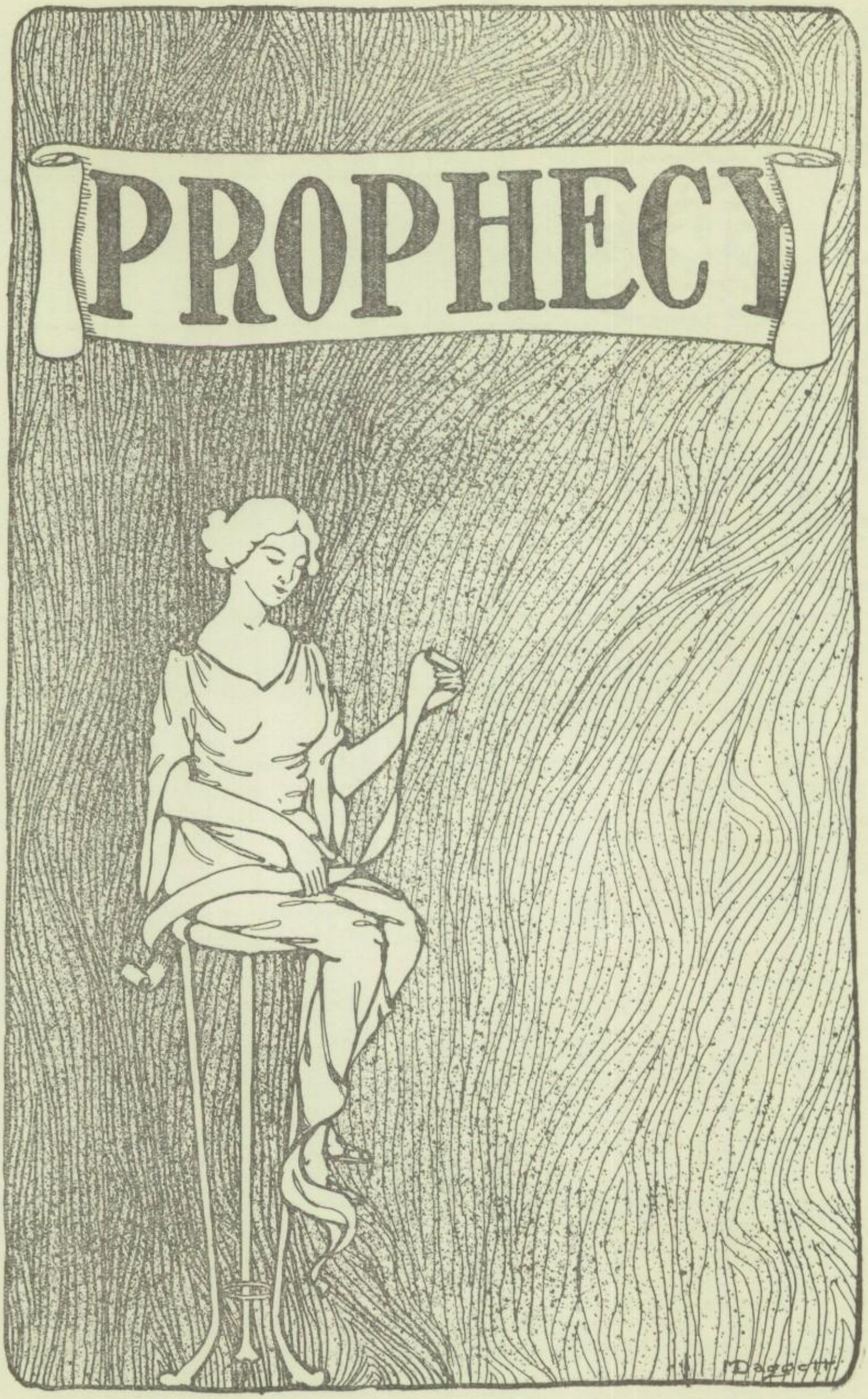
42.—To Mortimer Kline, Earle Marshe's queening copyright.

43.—To Merle Daggett, Katy Harrington's supply of ready words.

We appoint The Artisan, which officially announces our departure, the executor of this will.

Any person contesting the terms of this will shall thereby forfeit his legacy.

Signed,—Class of W'17.


PROPHECY

Class Prophecy

I had just come home from the joyous Senior A reception. My mind was full of the big, promising things in life. The warmth of the big, open fire drew me and I sat down in a big chair before it to dream and look into its brightness.

It was almost midnight and thru the slightly opened French window came the wonderful song of the mocking bird. He was a mystery but so was our future. I longed now to be able to pierce the grey mist that veiled her secrets. The fire inspired me and I piled upon the glowing embers, several huge pieces of oak. I watched the flames leap with eagerness and my thoughts traveled afar.

Suddenly a warm light hand touched me. A gentle voice said, "Come, come with me, and you shall view the scenes that are to be."

The hand took mine, and lo! before us thru the lights and fog was a wonderous, high and golden gateway. Beyond, from a little green knoll, was a new and magic world; cities and farms, waters and woods, all were aglow in the shades of the roseate color of dawn. We moved lightly, swiftly over the flowery land. Soon we came in sight of snowy peaks and a belt of firs, and then a dear little Chateau among the trees on the mountain slope. It was morning in sunny France. It was time for breakfast. As we stepped into the garden, whom should we see but our high and mighty president of Winter '17, Elwood Crane. Oh, what a fall there was, my countrymen! He was the chef, clean from the top of his stiff, white cap, stuck r a k i s h l y on the back of h i s head, down to the white shoes on his feet. He had the "cunningest," longest, "pointedest," "c ur l ingest" mustache you ever saw, and he kept continually tw-i-r-r-r-ling it around! He was stirring spagetti, cooking it for the King of France, who was Edgar Hervey. Ed ended that terrible war by going over there and starting a speech. The enemy and everyone else fled and Ed took possession. No one dared to dethrone him so I guess he has a life job. Poor Ed! Roland Cooper, a senator from England, tried it, but Ed started to tell him in a few (?) words "why green is purple" and "why heads aren't square." They say the poor fellow died a horrible death.

In Australia we stumbled upon some missionaries on horseback, and my! my! it was Kirk Johnson, John Hart, Joe George and Emil Ostler! They had just finished speaking to a five-thousand-strong crowd of fascinated heathen. I asked how they did it—by what means they used to attract such championship crowds?

"Four things," said Joe, "and the greatest of these is the last one. First, my solemn, dignified bearing gets them—ahem; also my melodious voice. Second, John's smile. A certain type of heathen are simply petrified with awe when John grins that sweet, lovable grin of his. Third, Emil's glorious eyes and superb figure, and last, the color of Kirk's hair."

They had never seen anything like it, and would come for miles around to catch a glimpse of Kirk's golden head. They thot it was "sure enuff" gold and would stand spell-bound for hours watching the

sunlight match tints on Kirk's "bean." Kirk said his head is "sure worth its weight in gold" and if he wasn't careful those "onery heathen" would take his head off some night to get the "gold" out of it. Here's hoping you'll never lose your head, Kirk.

In Ireland we found the same fight—for Home Rule—going on. Katherine Schaaf as a "Twenty-first Century Joan of Arc" headed the Irish and we witnessed the first battle. Talk about your long legs! This English machinery sure came in handy. They took one look at Katie's face and were out of sight in two minutes. One of their favorite war cries was "Hit him again—he's Irish!" but they didn't even get the first "swat." When asked how she got her job, Katie said she had been traveling in Ireland and had noticed a bulletin which read: "Attenshun! To the foist man or lidy which brings before us the best unsolvable puzzle, we will proclime thim Leader of the Green!" Katie happened to have a Summer '17 pennant in her trunk and offered that as the "unsolvable mystery." She was instantly proclaimed Leader. Three cheers for Ireland!

The fairy told me to shut my eyes and "hang on" because we were going to the United States in two seconds. In New York, newsboys were shouting at the top of their voices, "Oixtry! All about de presidential election! Leading candidates ahead!" On the glaring headlines we read, Alexander carries Missouri! Harrington—Alabama! So at last women can run in peace. We found out the whereabouts of both. Madeline was in San Francisco choosing her Inauguration-to-be wardrobe and Kate was in New York trying out some hats to see which would be the most stunning to wear when she took the oath. With the whole continent between, and the question of whether a purple or lavender hat would look good with a canary colored suit troubling them, it was a very peaceful campaign.

We went into a theatre where they were playing the most popular play of the season, "Lost a Nickle; Return to the Loser." W'17 stars took part. Francis Smith as stage manager painted the "jitney" scenes, and the stars were Jeanette Gilbert, Earle Marsh, Lizabel Hemenes, Paul Sengebush, Grace Peterson, Basil Clough and Frieda Eschrich. Earle took the part of the loser, Paul played the nickel and the other players took the parts of hunters.

The fairy and I took lunch at the Waldorf-Astoria and among the "napkin-bearers" who waited upon us were two familiar faces, Earnest Peck and Kenneth Haun. The boys said the world wasn't educated enough to appreciate their acting ability, so they had to turn that failing malady to account by being waiters. They didn't act as waiters when we were there—*we* did. We "waited" exactly eight hours for a little finger bowl dish of what they called "scrambled frogs' feet."

Next we traveled over Pennsylvania. Josephine Gidley is governor of the state. She defeated Russel Reay in the election. The result was 999,999 to 000,001. Russel says that one "boob" who voted for him might as well have saved the ink. Josephine, thru the kindness that all candidates possess for one another, appointed him warden of the state prison. Russel says it makes his heart ache to turn the keys on them at night—he feels so much like their brother.

In Philadelphia at an ice rink we found Martha Emmons, Minnie McKnerney and Dora Thomas in a skating and dancing act. Madeline

Davis owns the "company." Martha sings as she dances—she said it was "some job" to keep time with her head and feet at the same time. Minnie pulled off a talking stunt with her feet—I mean with her head and feet going at the same time. She said she had to make as much racket with her head as with her feet and that it was hard work. Agreed.

In Chicago we ran across Agnes Norberg, the great, well-known social worker. She was feeding candy to some tiny newsboys, and they were simply crazy about her. One little fellow who lisped said, "Why, Mith Agneth, we thimply luv her to pietheth." Agnes it doing a great work among them.

As we were standing talking to her, Jack Soister came down the street with a grin all over his face, and half way down his back. He had on—I couldn't tell wether it was a preacher's or actor's outfit. When questioned he said he was a Methodist preacher on Sundays and, to keep up with expenses did a little acting the rest of the week. He looked "too cute for anything" in that long sparrow tailed suit. Keep up the "good" work, Jack,—you'll be one or the other, some day.

We want to see the great film play called "Mashed Potatoes or What Has become of the Gravy?" Celeste Hand was the director; Ruth Morris the authoress. The leading lady was Valeria Totten. The leading man was missing.

From Chicago we went to Indianapolis, Indiana, where the big auto race track is. Bernice Thayer, Walter Wuestoff and Laurence Hallock were entrees in the race, Bernice is confidant she can lick both boys in her Big 23. She put a mixture of lard and molasses on her wheels—the lard to make it go faster and the molasses to act as a "non-skidder." Laurence says he could run along beside the two and then come in ahead. Draw your own conclusion, ladies!

In St. Louis we found a great suffragette meeting going on. Louise Balderman is president of the "Menless Association of America." Her secretary is Helen Turner. Other officers are Lillian Smith, Elsie Johnson, Marie Hall and Daisy Hoffman. Emogene Howard is their representative in New York.

While crossing the river on the boat, we saw Jerome Schilling selling "lumped back, double jointed peanuts!" He was charging ten cents a bag.

In New Orleans we found a famous brand of molasses of—the Emma Horton brand. Awfully sweet, too.

Hazel Darms is the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Ant Paste. Helen Turner had just taken out a patent on a springless fly trap.

Bessie Walker is the head cartoonist and painter on a leading paper. Her latest serial picture is called Hairless Henry.

In Salt Lake City we happened to drop into a court room. We heard a queer scraping sound behind the judges' bench, and upon inquiry learned it was Judge Wilbur Firmin sharpening his teeth. He looked vicious and sc-a-ar-ed the poor prisoners! Paloma Fear sat on a judges' bench on the opposite of the room, and heard divorce cases.

A woman's football team was formed and Mildred Tryon was made captain of it. Some of the girls on the team were Margaret Shields, Albertine Young and Cora Herman. Mildren named her team the Suzannah Strong Sisters.

Florence Bentley and Edna Coffee have gone to Alaska to teach the natives "how to keep cool."

Claudine Ewing has become rich as a Beauty Doctor. Mildred Henry, although only a stenographer, has become the power behind the throne in Somebodys' office.

Helen Pierce married the brother of one of her teachers.

In Colorado we found Floyd Humphrey, Harold Galloway, Robert Turner, Charles Tony and Carl Clark working in the coal mines. When the boys came to the top, they were very black.

Bedford Griffen in Denver was a little above an oculist. His sign read, "Twisted Eyebrows made Straight." We went to a show where Harry Wilson was a hypnotist or mesmerist. He could draw almost anything out of the people. He just raised his hands and said, in a sepulchral voice, "Han' it over! It tish my will!" I couldn't help but remember that persuasive drawing manner he used on us when he was the treasurer of our W'17 class.

Edith Mills owns a cat farm near Denver. Margaret Todd, we heard, eloped with a Filipino.

Walter Moore is a scientist in Seattle, Washington. He is trying to find out what constitutes hot air. Nannie Adams is superintendent of the school there. During vacations, she teaches her favorite subject, Greek, to her grandchildren.

Inith Ballenger is a famous ragtime artist. In a Boys' Beauty Contest, John Schmidt and Henry Hillock were running close.

Virginia Craig drives an ambulance in Portland, Oregon. She says she just loves to run 'em down, tenderly lift them into the ambulance and race to the hospital. She goes at the rate of eighty-three miles an hour. Most of her patients die on the way. Don't blame them.

Rupert Larson owns a hundred and twenty acre ranch in Oregon. He writes dictionaries, encyclopedias and other light fiction on the side. He has written acres and acres of "stuff" already. He says you can't beet his potatoes.

Edith Swanson has gone to Germany to become secretary to the Kaiser. Helen Saathoff is fighting for Greece now.

Lucile Tyner is going to run for President of Canada on the Prohibition ticket. Her song is "You don't know how dry I am!" Dorothy Parkins is running as vice-president.

Madge Biddle married a Senior B officer. Before that she manufactured the rubber that goes on the end of lead pencils.

We witnessed a prize fight between Edward Bremer and Francis McLaughlin. Harvey Doerr acted as timekeeper and trainer for Ed, and Arthur Duffy was referee and trainer for Francis. Arthur stood to one side and shouted, "Give him the axe!" It was very murderous.

Being interested in education, we went to visit a kindergarten in Northern California. Homer Howard was the most motherly-looking kindergarten teacher! He had a huge white apron tied around his slender waist. To show us how brilliant his minature scholars were, he sent one little boy to the board and told him to write bird cage. The little boy wrote "bird-cage." "What did you put that hyphen in there for?" asked Homer sternly. "Why—why—for the bird to sit on," faltered the startled little fellow. Across the street, teaching some more "little hopefuls," was Gladys Prewitt.

Phyllis Purtell, to make things more exciting, married a scientific man who was a Senior B. Maynard Handley is fire chief in Bakersfield. He calls his engine the "Lightning Bug."

Wally McGee lives on a mountain farm. On our visit, he was showing his little Johnny how to carry in squashes. "Mikey" was his name. Mikey first carried in some very tiny squashes. Thinking he could do just a little better, he tried a bigger one. He staggered a few steps, and sat down suddenly with the squash on his lap. Wallace, who was just behind him, told him to get up and go on. "I—I—can't!" he wailed. "It—it won't let me!"

Abraham Nathanson, Henry Brien, Edward Clark and Donald Fether drives jitneys from California to Montana. Robert Carlquist is the Chief of Police at San Diego.

Charlotte Pinkiert, Ninon Jacobie and Doris Haight are society belles in San Francisco, California. We met Gladys Barnes just going on board a boat to take her to Turkey. She expects to be a Sunday School Teacher.

Mabel Manning teaches spelling and "goes-in-a" in China Town. Marguerite Diggs is editor of a paper called the "Star Lit News." (Among the "sob-sisters" were Gladys Greene, Lorene Downes and Florence Goodell.)

Lila Lafler is matron of a hospital for aged dogs.

Nothing very bad could happen to Bourne Jones. He is one of the leading orchestra directors of America, and has composed hundreds of pieces already.

Osborne Gilkey and Bedford Griffen run an orphan asylum. Kyoichi Fukuda and Shigeru Kaysuyama have returned to their native country to teach their fellow countrymen American slang. I wonder what doctor they would call for if tongues got twisted.

Lena Canatella heads a girls' club called The Black Blondes. Mildred Eby and Joan Epstein are charter members.

The fairy and I went into a barber shop, and Mavis Clair Harris was our hair dresser. Aida Lucci established the Watts penitentiary. Vera Smyth served a term in that "pen" for killing a man while trying to reform him. We think she succeeded in reforming him.

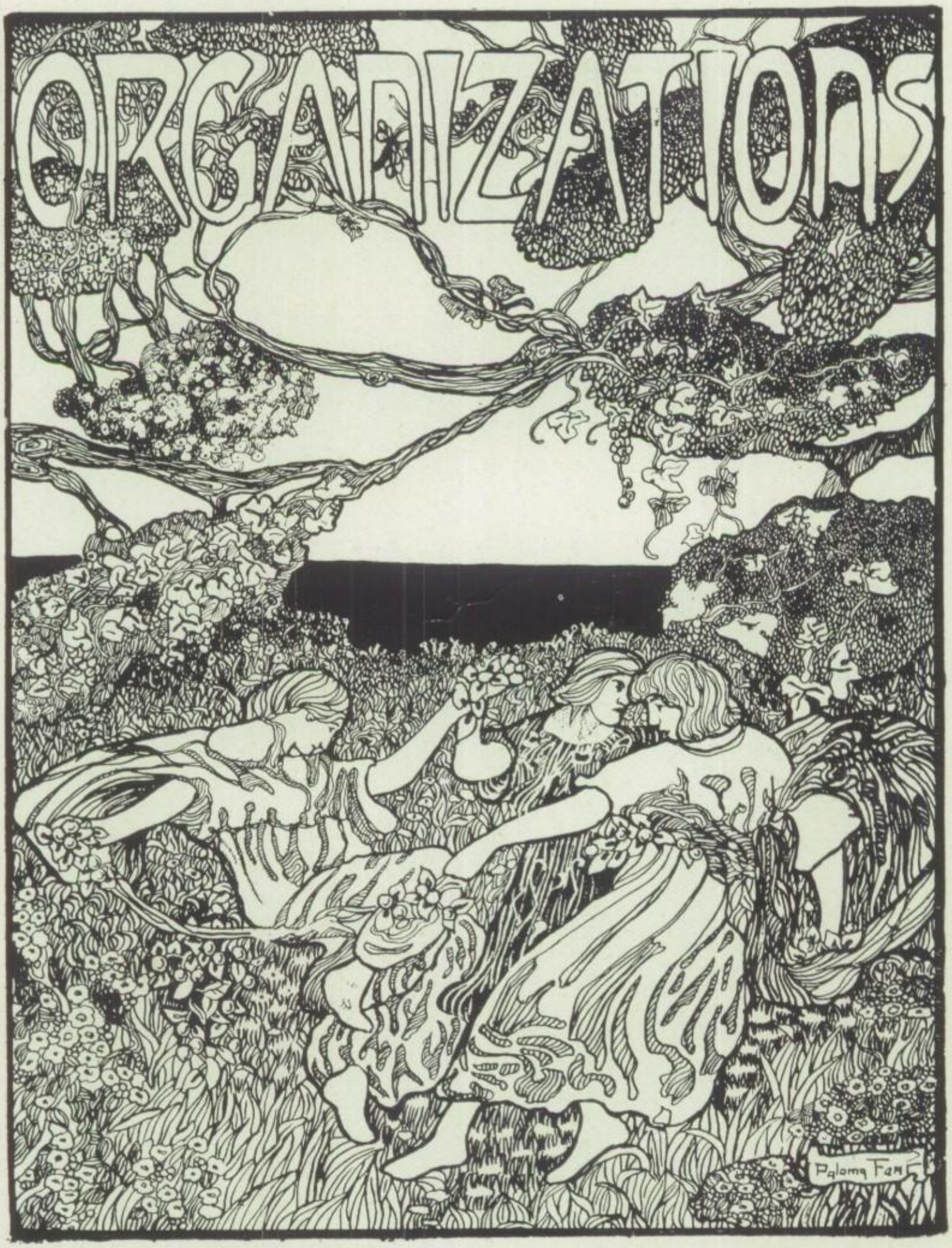
Althea Dawson has formed a swimming class to teach tad poles and polywogs how to navigate.

Do you remember that fellow who always went around with his head in the clouds, Vaughn Van Wye? Well, he condescended to sing at a Charity Ball for deaf mutes. The atmosphere was so deafening that right in the middle of it, Vaughn lost his voice. He has been going all over the country, now, interviewing specialists, but hasn't found his voice yet. He talks in a whi-s-per!

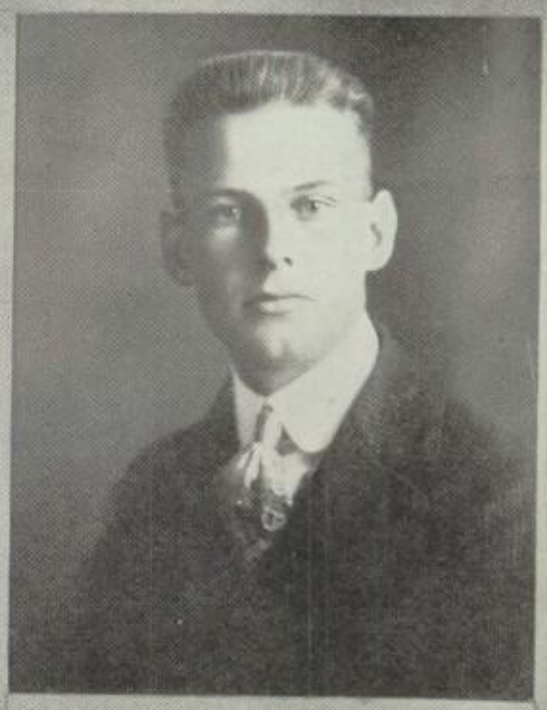
Cr-a-sh! Bang! Ou-ch!! What is the matter—! The fairy's sweet face was fading in the distance. There was a loud crash; I fairly fell out of my chair. With a start, I was awake, and found mother bending over me with a "What do you mean by going to sleep in your chair like that? If you expect to graduate from Manual Arts High School in the class of Winter '17, you had better swallow your breakfast and get to work on your Latin!"

Such is life!

MARY ALICE MINTER.


ORGANIZATIONS
Paloma Fam

VIRGINIA DAVIS
PRESIDENT



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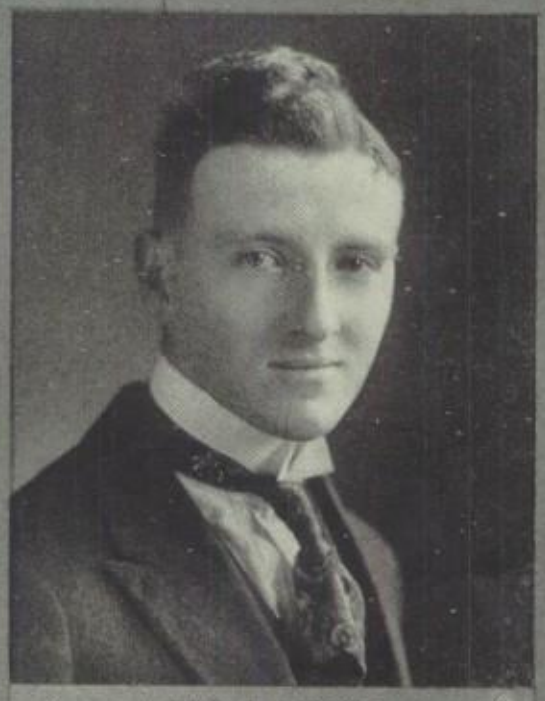

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GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

FRENCH CLUB LATIN CLUB GERMAN CLUB

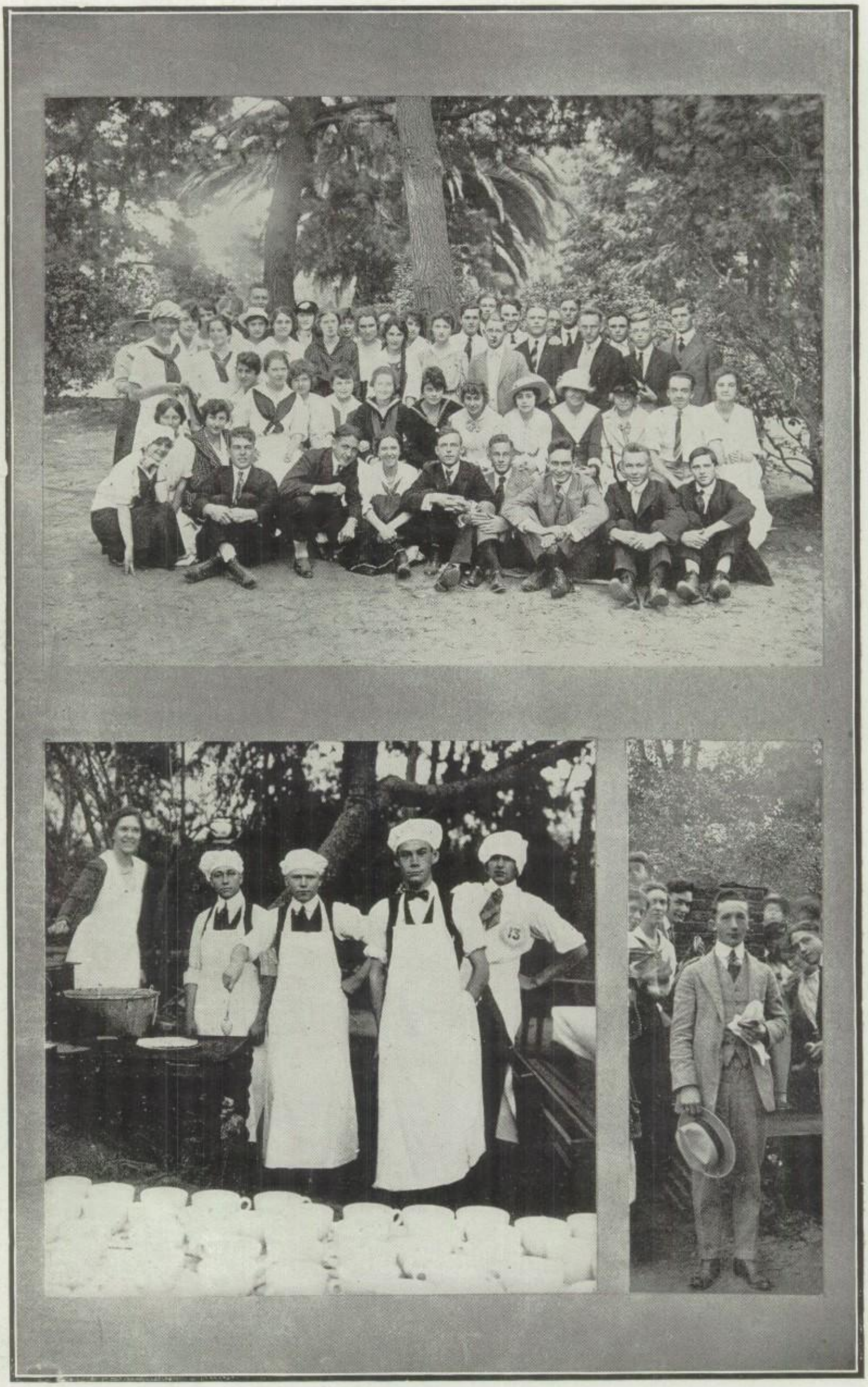
ORCHESTRA

SPANISH CLUB

DEBATERS STRINGED QUARTETTE STAGECRAFT

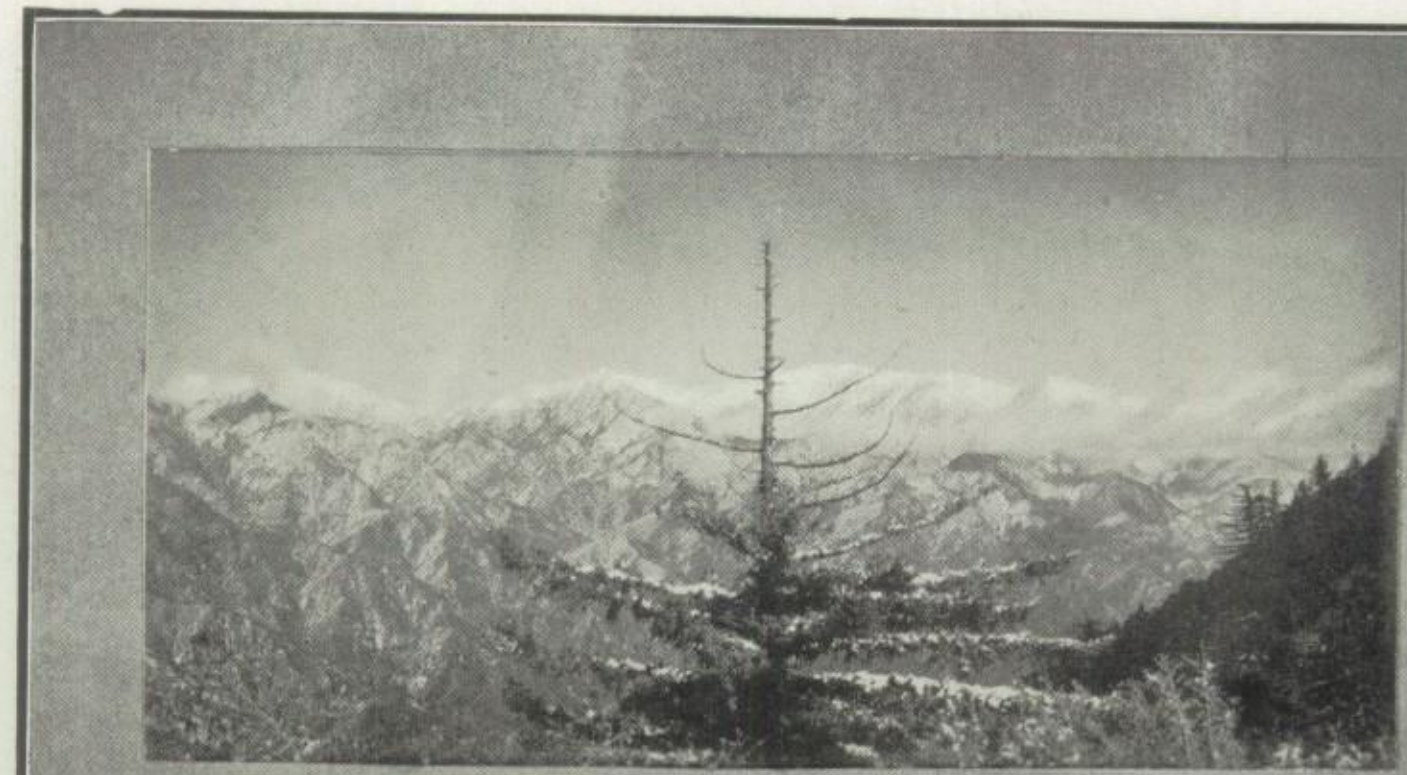
SOME SNAPS

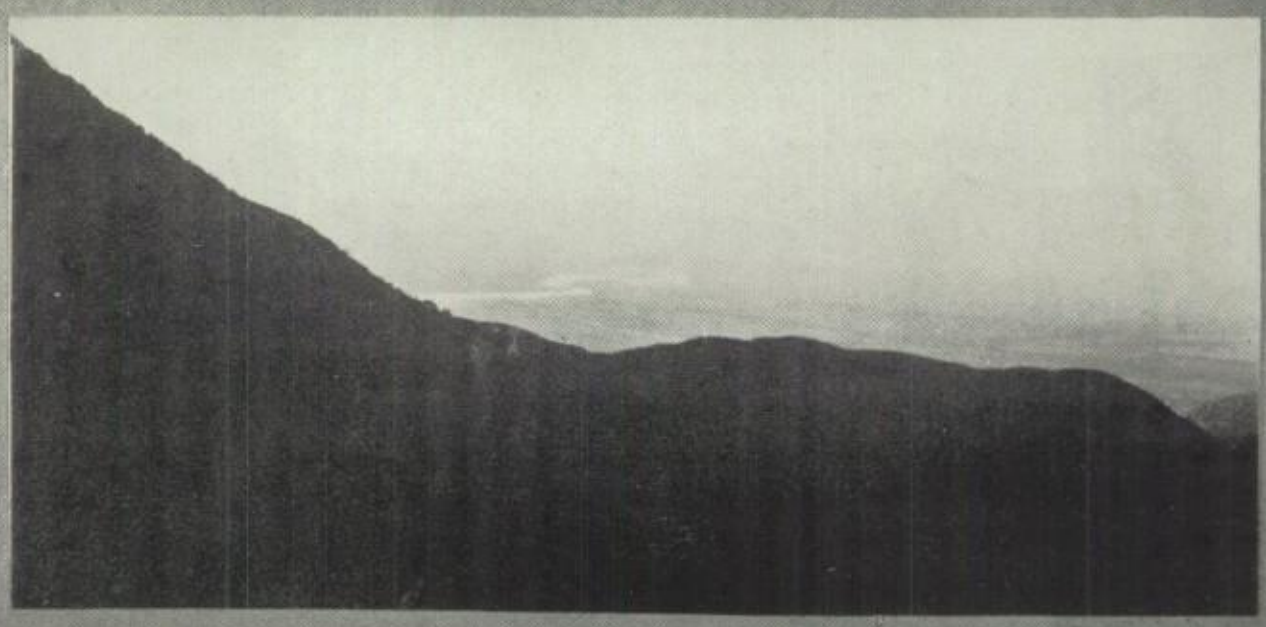
AUTO SHOW



SENIOR A's AT ECHO SENIOR COOKS ME

MORE SNAPS





TRAIL CLUB SNAPS

THE MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT

We students of Manual Arts now pride ourselves on being a part of one of the largest and best preparatory schools in the country. More than twenty-three hundred students pass thru our halls daily. But mere numbers are not the object of our pride. The most singular and inspiring part of our school life is the hearty fellowship existing between students.

In the days of old, in the "little red schoolhouse on the hill," complete acquaintanceship and comradeship was easily possible. But in the huge educational institutions of today, such a condition is apparently out of the question.

Despite this fact, Manual has created an excellent atmosphere of co-operation between students, and student and teacher. How has it been done? By establishing a system of student government. Where can there be a better incentive for fellowship among all, than a school in which all the students have a part in its administration? It is the new friends we make, the old ones we keep, the new faces we see, and the personalities with which we come in contact, which really mean the molding of our characters. To my mind, this association is of more important to us all than even academic work, for it helps us thru the years to come.

Co-operation among the students, and good fellowship with the teachers are the only means of effectively producing a lasting school spirit.

So long as we support our activities, we will have good teams.

So long as we continue to study faithfully and diligently, our standard of scholarship will rise higher and higher. Let us do whatever we do as individuals or a school thoroly and quickly. Let the boast of our school be spirit and scholarship. Then we will have a school that has truly come to stay.

Fellow students, Manual has been a wonderful friend to me! Her future success is my greatest desire. It is my wish that every student should become acquainted with her. Make friends! And the best way to make friends is merely to be one.

Your president,

MORTIMER KLINE.

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE

The Girls' League, which welcomes all new girls who come to Manual Arts, was started in September, 1912. It has certainly developed a very democratic spirit and increased "team work" among the girls. Though the league is only in its infancy, it is justifying the thot and effort that has been expended upon it.

In the Christmas season just past, it succeeded in getting an enthusiastic response from our students, making possible a happy Christmas in many a needy family.

The work of the Girls' League this semester has been marked by the enthusiastic and personal devotion of Miss Hanna, faculty advisor, and Helen Stevens, girls' vice-president.

THE COUNCIL

At present, the Council consists of more than seventy-five members. Each class room is permitted to elect one representative to this body. Every matter of general policy is voted upon by the Council, but not without full discussion and comment.

The work of the Council is characterized by the slogan: "Do things now, then you are sure that they are done."

The officers for this term have been: Mortimer Kline, chairman; Wallace McGee, vice-president; and Silence Larson, secretary.

MIMERIAN SOCIETY

Officers

President, Evelyn Gore; Vice-President, Marguerite Wines; Vice-President, Paul Silvius; Secretary-Treasurer, Gerald Weller.

Members

Ruth Abger, Elizabeth Armstrong, Chester Baker, Louise Balderman, Gladys Barney, Lucile Bay, Mildred Beall, Bernice Bell, Dorothy Bennett, Alberta Benkert, Alice Blake, Margaret Bowen, Genevieve Brauen, Lois Byers, Ira Byrd.

Gladys Campbell, Naomi Campbell, William Carr, Amy Chase, Ilene Clark, Doyle Cole, Vera May Cooper, Daniel Coyner, Dorothy Coyner, Grace Crittenden, Anna Crum, Virginia Davis, Charles Deffenbach, Virginia DeWitt, Lois Dibble, Perry Dilley, Arthur Downs, Marshall Dunne, Mintie Ernest, Elizabeth Armstrong, Roy Elmore, Martha Emmons, Joan Epstein.

Gladys Farlow, Esther Farnum, Blanche Fisher, Mary Lou Ford, Ray Fox, Virginia Gallot, Virginia Gamage, Jeanette Gilbert, Ninon Gilbert, Cordelia Glover, Josephine Gidley, Evelyn Gore, Florence Hahn, Dorice Hawley, Hazel Hawley, Lizabel Hemenes, Hope Hepburn, Cora Herman, Fred Herman, Cretora Herr, Marie Hill, Irving Howeth, Helen Hubbard, Alta Hull, Raymond Jones.

Frieda Kiesinger, John Kimball, Ruby Kingsbury, Gladys Kline, Mortimer Kline, Theo Knecht, Florence Kopp, Mildred Kuck, Doris LaLonde, Josephine Landrum, Rupert Larson, Isadore Larson, Virgil Lewis, Grace Loudon, Eugenia Lovell, Lester Lukins.

Esther McDonald, Gladys Maurer, Doris McClelland, Hilda McClelland, Dorothy McDonald, Jewel McLaughlin, Madeline McWilliams, Edith Mills, Alfred Mitchell, Althee Modesti, Florence Montgomery, Cecelia Morris, Regina Morris, Emily Mumford, Winifred Myers, Odessa Niehaus, Donald Olten, Elmer Pattillo, Dorothy Peck, Helen Pierce, Charlotte Pinkiert, Frances Piper, Barbara Porter, Helen Pritchard, Vera Rausch, Dwight Rea, Leroy Reese, Anna Reynolds, Ardy Richardson, Lyle Rooks, Frances Rygh, Constance Rynerson.

Louise Schilling, Glenn Schlegee, Marjorie Scott, Ruth Shock, Flavia Shurtleff, Paul Silvius, Anita Smith, Emily Smith, Vera Smyth, Lewis Snell, Georgia Snodgrass, Marie Soloman, Winston Squire, Earl Stanley, Wanda Steele, Minnie Sterling, Morrison Stewart, Christine Stocks, Lucille Stockwell, Hattie Taylor, C. L. Teran, Collin Timmons, Althea Ulber, Elma Wadgymar, Leila Wadgymar, Alice Waters, Stewart Webster, Gerald Wellar, Rubideau Wilchar, Marguerite Wines, Edna Zuchelli, Edward Zuchelli.

LANGUAGE CLUBS

"Parlez vous Francais?" "Sprechen Sie Deutsch;" If, not, how could you hope to become a member of the French, the German, the Latin, or the Spanish Clubs; or how comprehend the intricacies of the various mother tongues? How, pray, could one enjoy the activities and the club meetings, if he did not have some skill in the use of one of these languages?

Das Deutsche Kraenzschen. Officers: President, Helen Wright; Vice-President, Daisy Hoffman; Secretary and Treasurer, Bourn Jones; Executive Committee, Louis Korn and George Polkinghorn.

L'alliance de la Fleur de Lis. Officers: Presidente, Edna Wilbur; Vice-Presidente, Virginia Gallot; Secretaire, Joan Epstein; Tresorier, Victor Guilbert.

Puerta del Sol. Officers: President, Grace Loudon; Girls' Vice-President, Lena Canatella; Boys' Vice-President, Althee Modesti; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward Bremer; Reporter, Marguerite Wines.

Res Republica Romana. Officers: Consuls, Mildred Henry and Paul Silvius; Aedile, Josephine Gidley; Quaestor, Frances Bryant, Rex Socorum, Lawrence Horrell.

SENIOR ORCHESTRA

DIRECTOR, MISS MARY E. GROVES

Officers

President, Lewis Kern; Vice-President, Lyndon Ballou; Secretary, Edith Delmonico.

First Violins

Claude Griswold, Concert Master; Bourn Jones, Solo Violinist; Lyndon Ballou, Morton Bergman, Joe Eccleston, Ural Griffin, Harry Johnson, Earl Lawrence, Lester Leadingham, William Launspach, Estelle Peck, Edward Putney, Edward Zuchelli, Francis Smith, James Wallace.

Second Violins

Virginia Darnell, Roy Mellert, Nora Biller, Marcia Fischer, Joseph Skleners.

Cornets

Ruth Ingalls, Walter Lipman, Rurght Kendig, Wallace Hamlin.

Cello

Percival Chase, Francis Hardy.

Flutes

Lewis Kern, Ralph Sinclair.

Trombones

Charles Barton, William Baldwin.

Clarinets

Jean Montford, Roscoe Shapland, Myron Packard.

Doublebass, Louis Tobias; Viola, Douglas Hounold; Horn, George Crumerine; Drums, Clarence Maner; Timpanie, Harry Blanchard; Piano, Inith Ballenger.

JUNIOR ORCHESTRA

DIRECTOR, MISS OLIVE WILSON

Officers

President, Ione Hazelwood; vice-president, Robert Hare; secretary, Frances Piper.

First Violins

Ione Hazelwood; Concert Mistress; Virginia Darnell, Albert Dunford, Robert Hare, Edythe Harris, Berdine Jackman, Frieda Keisinger, Maude Riley, Ethel Rosenthal, Frances Seekatz, Clarence Simmons, Louis Tobias, Marcus Halderman.

Second Violins

Frank Niner, Concert Master; Lorraine Butler, Francis Frazier, Harry Furl, Frances Malone, Gilbert Reine, Claude Richardson, Donald Smith, Herbert Wheaton, Bruce White, Marjorie Zander, Eva Merle Borden, Frank Naley, Corrine Plummer.

Piano, Frances Piper; Cornet, George Crumerine; Drums, Paul Hummel.

THE BAND

DIRECTOR, MR. SPANGLER

Cornets

John Brown, George Crumerine, Wallace Hamlin, Walter Lipman, Albert Trossen, Willard Sebits.

Trombones

William Baldwin, Charles Barton, Alfred Sebits.

Piccolo, Lewis Kern; Clarinet, Myron Packard; Baritone, Kenneth Van Horn; Mellaphone, Morton Bergman; Alto, Edward Bergman; Drums, Kenyon Trengrove; Tuba, Ural Griffin.

STRING QUARTETTE

DIRECTOR, MRS. EDWARDS

Members

First Violin, Bourn Jones; Second Violin, Erle Lawrence; Viola, Edward Zuchelli; Cello, Percival Chase.

THE BOOK EXCHANGE

One of the most important financial enterprises of this school, is the Book Exchange. It has been established for the convenience of students; supplyng them with all lines of materials, from the new and second hand books to megaphones. Because of its capability, it has been able to extend its line of athletic material this term. Whatever profits are made in this establishment go directly into the Student Body Treasury. The daily sales this term have averaged about fifty dollars.

The officers for this term have been: Watson Beggs, manager; Lewis Snell, assistant manager; Alfred Mitchell, second assistant; and Arthur Cohen, third assistant.

THE SELF GOVERNMENT

During the past term it has been the aim of the Girls' and Boys' Self Government to promote the idea of true self government by a preventative plan, rather than by having the organization act as a police court before which incorrigibles are brought to receive their punishment. Further, it has been striving to create a feeling of good fellowship among the students by urging all to co-operate and work in harmony for the interest of our school. It is the belief of the Boys' President, Fred Bushmeyer, that Self Government should be and really is the big test of true school spirit.

This term the officers of the Boys' Committee have been: Fred Bushmeyer, president; John Tuso, vice-president; Clarence Casper, secretary; Melvin Stewart, sergeant-at-arms; and Edgar Hervey and Clarence Osborne, prosecuting attorneys.

The officers of the Girls' Committee this term have been: Virginia Davis, president; Florence Doran, vice-president, Helen Repath, secretary; and Flavia Shurtleff, treasurer; Kathrine Knecht, sergeant-at-arms; and Emogene Howard, prosecuting attorney.

THE BOYS' GLEE CLUB

DIRECTOR, MISS MARY E. GROVES.

President, Hubert Baty; vice-president, Edward Tucker; secretary and treasurer, Floyd Humphrey; librarian, John Kimball.

Tenors—Ashton Allen, Lewis Ashby, Eugene Baker, Russell Basset, Dale Butler, John Kimball, Walter Menard, Harold Patton, Edward Tucker, Sam Wickern, Gerald Weller, Vaughn Van Wye, Elmer Pattilo.

Bass—Fred Aberle, Edgar Bandy, Garnett Barnsdale, Fred Humphrey, Mortimer Kline, Lester Leadingham, Wesley Lynstrum, Harold Mead, Phil Reynolds, Stanley Taylor, Paul Zimmerman.

THE GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

DIRECTOR, MISS OLIVE P. WILSON.

Madge Biddle, president; Isobel Dignum, vice-president; Gertrude Seaman, secretary and treasurer; Margaret Case, librarian.

Sopranos—Alberta Benkert, Hanna Berger, Madge Biddle, Florence Brown, Margaret Case, Isobel Dignum, Martha Emmons, Anna May Galloway, Isobel McCulley, Geraldine Minert, Carita Moore, Emily Mumford, Alma Rockoff, Eleanor Klages.

Altos—Floris Alexander, Inith Ballenger, Lucille Carter, Ada Chapin, Lois Clarke, Cecil Cooke, Laura Lee Faw, Cornelia Glover, Ilah Mathews, Mildred Rankin, Anna Reynolds, Ruth Ryan, Alice Sanders, Gertrude Seaman, Leslie Smith, Nancy St. Clair, Mildred Tryon.

Accompanist—Josephine Perluss.

THE MANUAL ARTS WEEKLY

"Wilson Probably Next President," these were the glowing headlines that caught the reader's eye in the Manual Arts Weekly one Wednesday last year. There was a story back of this headline that was not printed. It was this:

All night long a representative of the Weekly was stationed at one of the up-town newspapers to get the latest returns of the hotly contested election. At five o'clock in the morning all hands were busy at the Print Shop preparing copy, setting it, and getting the big press ready to run off that presidential edition. The result was that the Manual Arts Weekly gave its readers the returns as accurately as any of the big dailies.

This is just one incident to show that the Weekly was "on the job" on that occasion as it has been all term. The present staff has bent every effort to give the students and the outside subscribers of the Weekly what they want when they want it.

This term saw an expansion of the school paper into a six column paper which places it with the leaders of high school journals. Many new ideas in make-up have been introduced; many special stories have been printed which the editor judged would be of interest to all, and in fact no trouble has been spared to make the Manual Arts Weekly a high class, progressive weekly publication. The staff includes:

Joe Eccleston, editor; Eugenia Van Bergen, associate editor; Evelyn Gore, assistant editor; Ed. Zuchelli, sport editor; Perry Dilley, Dramatic critic; Ernest Alexander, art editor; Sam Wickern, departments; Roy Guinn, current events; Elmo Crabb, Circulation; Russell A. Cully, assistant; John Porter, Advertising.

THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY

The membership of the Adelphic Society is made up entirely of Seniors. This term they number four hundred.

Student talent is encouraged to appear before the school in entertainments managed by the society.

This semester "Too Many Crooks" and a vaudeville program were successfully "tried out" in the aud.

Proceeds from the entertainments help to maintain a Scholarship Fund.

Officers: President, Ernest Peck; girls' vice-president, Janie Belle Thach; boys' vice-president, James Polsdorfer; secretary, Bourn Jones; treasurer, Roy Elmore.

THE TRAIL CLUB

For the hikers there is the Trail Club, which makes several trips a year to Fish Canyon and surrounding territory. All those fond of footing it are always welcome and assured of a good time. It is the fond hope of Mr. Shepherd, the father and guide of the club, so to speak, that the club will construct a large cabin on the site which is at present leased.

The officers for this term are: President, Herman Cassidy; Vice-President, Lester Lukins; Treasurer, Walter Moore; Directors, Carl Lofgren and Robert Stanton.

THE KANDY KOUNTER

"Do you like candy?" If so, you will be interested in the Kandy Kounter.

The sole purpose of this financial enterprise, is to supply those having a "sweet tooth" with an unlimited line of good candies. The money made from the sales goes to the Student Body Treasury.

There are two Kandy Kounters at Manual Arts High School,—one, located in the lower hall of the Science Building, and the other, which was just established this year, in the lower corridor of the Administration Building. "Have you ever been around either one of these at noon?" If you have, you will then be able to realize the significance of the daily candy sale, which amounts approximately to thirty-two dollars.

The manager of the big enterprise this term has been Fay McKee, who has gained much experience in dealing with large business firms of the city. His assistants have been: John Kimball, and Fred MacLean.

AGRICULTURE

The Agriculture Course was introduced into Manual Arts in February, 1915. The practical work has been conducted upon an acre and a half to the north of the campus. The commodious lath-house structure, 100 by 20 feet, just completed, is the product of the students of the school in various departments and illustrates what co-operation may do.

The structure is made practical and convenient by potting benches, sinks, a water fountain, an overhead sprinkler system and good cement walks.

The work will include practical budding and grafting, seedage, layerage, orchard work, hot bed construction and vegetable gardening. Each spring the classes will realize the problem of marketing by maintaining a student market for vegetables, flowers and potted plants.

Last year Manual had a greater percentage of boys at the University Farm School at Davis than any other school in the state.

BETWEEN BELLS

By Abraham Nathanson

Susie Perkins has been in a state of panic throughout the entire period. She is certain that the powder on her face is uneven. The worst if it is that she has left her purse, containing her puff and glass, in her locker. Her unhappiest suspicions are confirmed. That cat, Shara Pickleford, has turned her head away with a smile on her face.

Susie is called upon to recite, but her mind is on her face—and she fails flatly. At this moment the bell rings! O! beautiful bell! O! musical bell! She takes her swift flight to that treasured puff and performs the facial operations which are necessary to restore her self-respect. The intermission has been a god-send indeed.

The Work of the World

THE AUTO SHOW

When the exhibition committee of the Los Angeles Motor Car Dealers Association were about to form tentative plans for their annual "Auto Show" it occurred to some reckless member to suggest that the Art Department of Manual Arts High School submit a plan for the decoration of their 80,000 square feet of floor space; the problem being to create an attractive background for the automobiles.

The idea appealed to the Art Department very much. The director over night worked out a scheme on paper and drew up a rough draft of expense which was duly submitted, with the plan for decorating. It was agreed that the Art Department should be taken on as if it were a decorating firm, and all parties paid a fair wage for their services. The total estimate for decorations amounted to about two thousand dollars with an additional one thousand allowed for the rental of greenery.

The head of the art department became the decorator in chief and he in turn named his student assistants, decorators, decorator's assistant, business manager and foreman respectively.

A building two hundred feet long, ninety feet wide and three floors high and a tent about two hundred feet square with side walls ten feet high were to be decorated in three weeks' time. Needless to say, the decorative scheme had to be thought out quickly and resolved itself into the adoption of decorative ideas selected or originated very largely by the decorator in chief. The student decorator, however, was one of rare talent who caught the spirit and never failed to add charm and interest to the plans. His understanding of the technique of painting on glass with transparent colors and his general ability as a draftsman made the undertaking possible.

As the decorator in chief was obliged to teach school, the execution of the plan fell entirely upon the students, several of whom were given leave of absence from school for a period of two weeks. The business manager, besides acting as chauffeur to the chief, had charge of all financial matters including the purchasing of materials and keeping the pay roll.

The tent was a beautiful big, new, pure white affair, and the building, spotless white from top to bottom; it seemed natural to use black and white for the main decorative idea. To this was added a rather generous accent of geranium vermillion. To a very formal and conventional plan were added a number of enriched spaces and occasional touches of humor such as a grotesque monkey climbing up a three story palm tree in the elevator shaft, and sketches adapted from the charming black and white drawings of Kay Nielsen.

The association paid into the pockets of some sixty or seventy boys seven hundred eighty five dollars, plus a few extra dollars for the horticulture man and the chief.

The art department was given a chance to compete with professional decorators, and to demonstrate its theory of design in a practical way. Now that it is all over and the crew has caught up with lost sleep, they take great satisfaction in the fact that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and Manual Arts has been asked to think about a scheme for next year.

DEBATING

Manual Arts is again in the State League—managed by the State University. Last year she won the State Championship. The cup presented by the State University is now in our case. The second place in the Extemporaneous Speaking Contest at Berkeley last year was won by Manual Arts.

The State League offers the chance of wide competition with the high schools of the state. It is the largest debating league in the country.

Last year we won the City Championship Cup in Extemporaneous Speaking offered by the University of Southern California.

This year saw the entry of several new debaters, having graduated the three debaters who went to Berkeley in the two championship contests. Mr. Kline and Mr. Hervey, who were on several of the winning teams last season, came out for tryouts and were again selected to represent the school. Mr. Osbourn and Mr. Cooper were added to the list of representatives for the first series.

The first debates were held with the San Diego High School and Hollywood High School. In this round we broke even in debates and judges' decisions. The next round is scheduled between Los Angeles High School and Polytechnic. There is still a chance of winning out in this district and going on as we did last year.

Debating and speaking contests are regarded by the school as a part of the regular interscholastic sports. We go into them not merely for the glory of winning, but for the training it gives those who are fortunate enough to be selected as the representatives, and for the pleasant relationship that is created with other schools. We are forced into some very strong competition and it is not possible to win all the time even if it were desirable. We intend to do our best and let the championship go where it is most deserved.

Note.—The State League is organized thruout the State of California. The first series of debates are district debates. The second series are inter-district. The third is a contest for the Championship of the North and South Divisions and the winners of these meet at Berkeley for the final contest to determine the Championship of the State. The Extemporaneous Contests are divided in the same manner.

Margaret Shedd, one of the two members of the team which won the State Cup last spring, was selected as closing speaker for Stanford in its debate with U. S. C. this fall. Stanford gave her this important distinction when only a few months removed from the Manual Arts High School and she made good by winning an easy victory.

In the Stanford–California debate Goodwin Knight will represent Stanford and Raymond Vandervoort will represent Berkeley.

Morton Margolys is scheduled to enter Stanford next term and we will expect him to do things as heretofore.

Miss Bender is in Stanford and is capable of coming to the front whenever needed.

The high standard of excellence acquired, necessary to meet and defeat the best debating teams and the best extemporaneous speakers of the state is due very largely to the indefatigable efforts of their coach, Mr. Olmstead.

OUR ARMY BOYS

By the time this book reaches the hands of the reader the incident will be well nigh forgotten by all save the few most intimately connected with it.

Then let it be understood that this is to deal with "we-uns" that braved the terrors (?) of the Border in the weary months of the past. There were eleven of us spread among four organizations. Many of us are no doubt as familiar to the present student body as the Martians are to us.

"Pete" Bullen, Troop D. You remember "Pete." He used to play Rugby and you should have seen him "show 'em up" when the troop played the 2nd Infantry.

"Jim" Davie. "Jim" is an old timer, being one of the original stage crew. Jim served with the mounted scouts.

Jack Gosman. Oh, yes! Beg pardon, Corporal Gosman, Machine Guns. You should know him. He was stage electrician last year and is back on the job again.

Now we come to that select gang, the crew in good old Company A, 7th California Infantry.

Sergeant Harry Rennegal was one of our 440 men. He ran in the first of Manual's world's record relay teams.

Corporal Owen C. Hardin was another of the old timers.

Corporal A. C. Davis, the poor scribe and amateur war correspondent, lived a whole life in five months.

Private Franklin K. Pollitt, the bank clerk, ancient and honorable member of the S. B. O. Maybe you know his brother Chalmer?

Private Archie W. Kammerer played guard our first year at American and was also in the L. A. game this year. He was another of the old stage gang—master gripman was his job.

Private Charles B. Ward was head flyman on the stage crew and also had basketball ambitions. He ran the hurdles, too, when so inclined.

Private Gordon Jones, alias "Dopey," was another basketball aspirant who, in addition, had the pole vaulting ambition.

And last, but not least, you surely must remember Private Howard T. Porter. He won his debating pin and was repeatedly on the stage until he quit school. But don't you recall the time he advocated the smoking room to keep fellows from wanting to leave the grounds?

Now you have us all spotted. Mighty good representation from the school. "What Say?"

STAGECRAFT

At Manual Arts High School, there seems to be a restless spirit that continually strives for higher ideals, demands greater achievment, and broader fields to conquer. This is especially true of the stagecraft class. No sooner has one great play become a matter of history, than another rouses us from its fond memories and challenges us to be up and doing, to live up to our motto "Ever Higher."

The boys and girls of the stagecraft class are deeply interested in their work, some planning to take up the work as a profession. They are literally hungry for books or articles that will give them a broader knowledge of the work. Literary on this subject is very scant, indeed. Outside of the personal knowledge of a few wizards of the scenarium, there is little to serve as a guide in working out stage effects; of published matter, there is almost nothing.

Much attention is now being centered upon the development of dramatics and stagecraft in our large high schools and universities. At Harvard University and Carnegie Institute, they write and produce their own plays.

To our knowledge, Manual Arts is the only high school offering such a course in stagecraft.

Those who would derive the greatest benefit from the work must have a knowledge of literature, history, science, art and mechanics. To follow up the profession after leaving school, one cannot have too much of these subjects.

The art of the stage is primarily the art of illusion, combined with aesthetic effects of a very intricate nature. Lighting plays a most wonderful part in this web of illusion, and color adds an aesthetic charm.

Only a comparative few have succeeded in working miracles with light, shade and perspective. With the added possibilities of color effects, a new series of possibilities comes to light. The devices for producing lighting and color effects are still more or less crude, while the best that has been written on the subject merely touches the edge of art, the extent of which it is hard to estimate.

In our school, the stagecraft has been an asset to the student body from the start. If the scenery, properties, etc., made by the stagecraft students had to be purchased in the commercial markets, it would have been financially impossible to put on the class of plays shown last year, or the "Wolf of Gubbio" this year, in the professional manner in which they are produced at our school.

It might be interesting to note that some of the work of these students surpasses the work of some professionals. Some work done by professionals has been done over by our students to meet the high standard demanded by the dramatic department.

To accomplish the results that have won so much recognition, our students work nights, after school, Saturdays, and during some vacation periods.

Many ask why the work cannot be accomplished during class time. Our answer is that the type of plays put on at Manual requires so much real work, so much preparation, thot and study, it is physically impossible

to produce them in accordance with the high standard demanded in the time given unless we do work overtime.

And again, the players must have the stage for rehearsals much of the time, hence our work must be done at other times.

Our stage manager this semester, Frank Kreitman, has been exceptionally efficient. He is always faithful to his responsibilities. The carpentry and electrical departments have had very heavy demands upon them, and have responded well. Due to the efficiency and cooperation of all the students in the class, the success of the work in stagecraft has been accomplished. The stagecraft class wishes to express its sincere gratitude to those teachers and students of other departments who have helped so much in the success of the work.

The members of the class are: Frank Kreitman, Stage Manager; Jack Gosman, Assistant Manager and Electrician; Gerard Allen, Electrician; Dewey Starky, Carpenter; Donald Love, Head Flyman; Edwin Ellis, Head Grip; Winston O'Bear, Property Man; Lawrence Courcier, Motion Picture Operator; Gaylord Quinn, Assistant Property Man; Donald Archer, Assistant Property Man; James Mullins, Grip; Donald Enman, Grip; Harold Hilf, Flyman; Richard Hammerslack, Flyman; Eleanor Klages, Scenic Artist; Aileen Douglas, Scenic Artist; Perry Dilley, Honorary Member.

J. C. Beswick.

SOCIETY
Ernest Alexander

SENIOR PICNIC

ACT 1

Scene—A big fire in Echo Park.
Time—Friday, September fifteenth.
Characters—Senior A's. Weinies.
Synopsis—Just having a good time and seeing who could eat the most.

ACT 2

Scene—Same as Act 1.
Time—Same day, a little later.
Characters—Senior A's. Weinies died in the first act.
Synopsis—Lusty voices singing Manual songs.

ACT 3

Scene—Lake, with small piece of shore showing.
Time—Same day, still later.
Characters—Senior A's in rowboats and canoes.
Synopsis—Boats gathered in center of lake, while Seniors resting on shore listen to sound of "ukes" and voices of Seniors in boats. The moon slowly rises.

ALUMNI GET TOGETHER AGAIN

"Alumni step?"
"Well, I should say so!"
"In honor of whom?"
"Why, Dr. Wilson, Miss Dole and Mr. Fonda!"
"Any program?"
"You bet there was! A playlet under the direction of Miss Howell was given as an intermission from the dance."
"Much of a crowd?"
"Many more than were expected!"
"Stay late?"
"Sh! It's a secret; twelve o'clock!"

SECOND SENIOR PICNIC

The joy of the Seniors was so great on their first picnic and their desire so strong for another one, that their thoughtful teachers, Miss Oyler, Miss Jones and Mr. Quintin took matters into their own hands and gave a grand picnic at Sycamore Grove for the lucky three-twenty-niners.

A unique supper of chicken pilau, hot pie and coffee was served. It was really a wonderful sight to see Manual's boys' vice-president and other Senior A officials in cap and apron, doing the duties of regular chefs.

Later games were played and to the strumming of ukeleles, the Seniors danced and sang in the light of a fine camp-fire.

STAGE CRAFT DANCE

My dear, you should have been there! It was perfectly marvelous! What? Why, the Stage Craft dance, of course. When? Let's see, November third, I think.

My dear, they had the most original decorations ever. Remnants of every play Manual has had for some time, graced the walls of our gym. That adorable little stage you hear so much about was in one corner, and the cutest posters brought up from the art room were all over the walls. I couldn't begin to tell you everything they had there.

The dearest Japanese lanterns were strung across the center of the room and even the regular lights were covered so they looked like sure 'nuff ones.

Our precious blue curtains formed a wonderful background for this interesting program. Some delightful songs were rendered by Miss Hanna Berger. A pantomine bordering on the tragic was given by Lawrence Parsons. Then, my dear, Miss Howell gave a reading and it was just too funny for words.

The cleverest part of the program was when we were dancing. The lights went off, and immediately the flashlight passed over the room and finding a couple to its liking, followed it around the room. It was just the most exciting party (and the punch was lovely.)

SENIOR "B" PICNIC

The Senior B's showed great ingenuity in chosing November sixth, the day before election, for their class picnic, for owning to this holiday, they were able to continue the fun until nine-thirty. Westlake Park was the scene of action. During the afternoon the park resounded with the laughter and voices of the merry B's who were playing "get acquainted" games.

Soon the fumes of coffee wafting to them, called to a jolly supper of weinies, rolls and coffee. After this the announcement was made, that the next event could be either the "movies" or on the lake. The lake proved the most popular for almost everyone went rowing. Back on shore the plunking of ukeleles and the Senior B's lusty voices shouting popular songs could be heard.

The picnic ended with a vote of thanks to the Mrs. Edwards and Winterburn, the Misses Ames and Freeman and Messieurs Bovee, Detrick and Hostetler and the tired but happy Senior B's wended their way homeward.

DOLLAR MARKS

The Dollar Marks party, which was held in the girls' gymnasium Friday evening November twenty-fourth, proved a delightful success. Although not as many appeared as formerly, those present made up in "pep" what they lacked in numbers.

The program was composed of three distinct forms of entertainment. Miss Thiers gave a dialect reading and Miss Avery a fancy dance, which was enjoyed greatly by the audience. Peck and Firmin made a hit with a comedy pantomime.

GLEE CLUB PARTY

If anyone who is familiar with the girls' gym when in its everyday costume, had happened to peek in there Friday evening, November seventeenth, he would certainly have failed to recognize his old friend. This was the night of the party, given in honor of the girls by the Boys' Glee Club. These ambitious young men had caused a complete metamorphosis in the old gym, by covering all the available space with Manual's favorite colors. Suspended from the railing of the balcony, Japanese lanterns added different colored lights to the gay scene.

During the evening a very fine program was given. Songs were rendered by the double quartet. A fancy dance given by Anita Doyle and Isabel Digman was well received. Everyone was amused by the humorous songs sung by Lawrence Parsons. However, the numbers on the program, most enjoyed were those in which everyone took part; the dancing.

SECOND ALUMNI DANCE

The punch was sparkling water from the drinking fountain. The decorations were kindly loaned by the Glee Club, whose dance had been held the night before. But the enthusiasm was that of the good old alumni spirit and the party was one of the most successful ones Manual has had for some time.

A large crowd of the "old ones" enjoyed the program, a song sung as only Alvina Betz can sing. The rest of the time was spent in dancing. Many were the cheat dances and it was really provoking to just become acquainted again with your partner and then to be suddenly stranded in the middle of the floor.

SENIOR B PARTY

The first Christmas party of the year was given by the Senior B's on December eighth. The decoration committee certainly outdid themselves, for the gym was dressed in pepper boughs and dashing red bows. "Merry Xmas S'17" greeted everyone from the side board and continued to keep watch over them during the rest of the evening.

Games were played in 337. Fruit punch was served on the south arcade and a continuous stream of B's wore a path to it from the gym.

"Moonlight Specialties" were the features of the evening. Who could tell that it was only artificial moonlight that was filling the room? Everyone agrees that it was a wonderful party and extends his sympathy to those who were unable to attend.

SENIOR DANCE

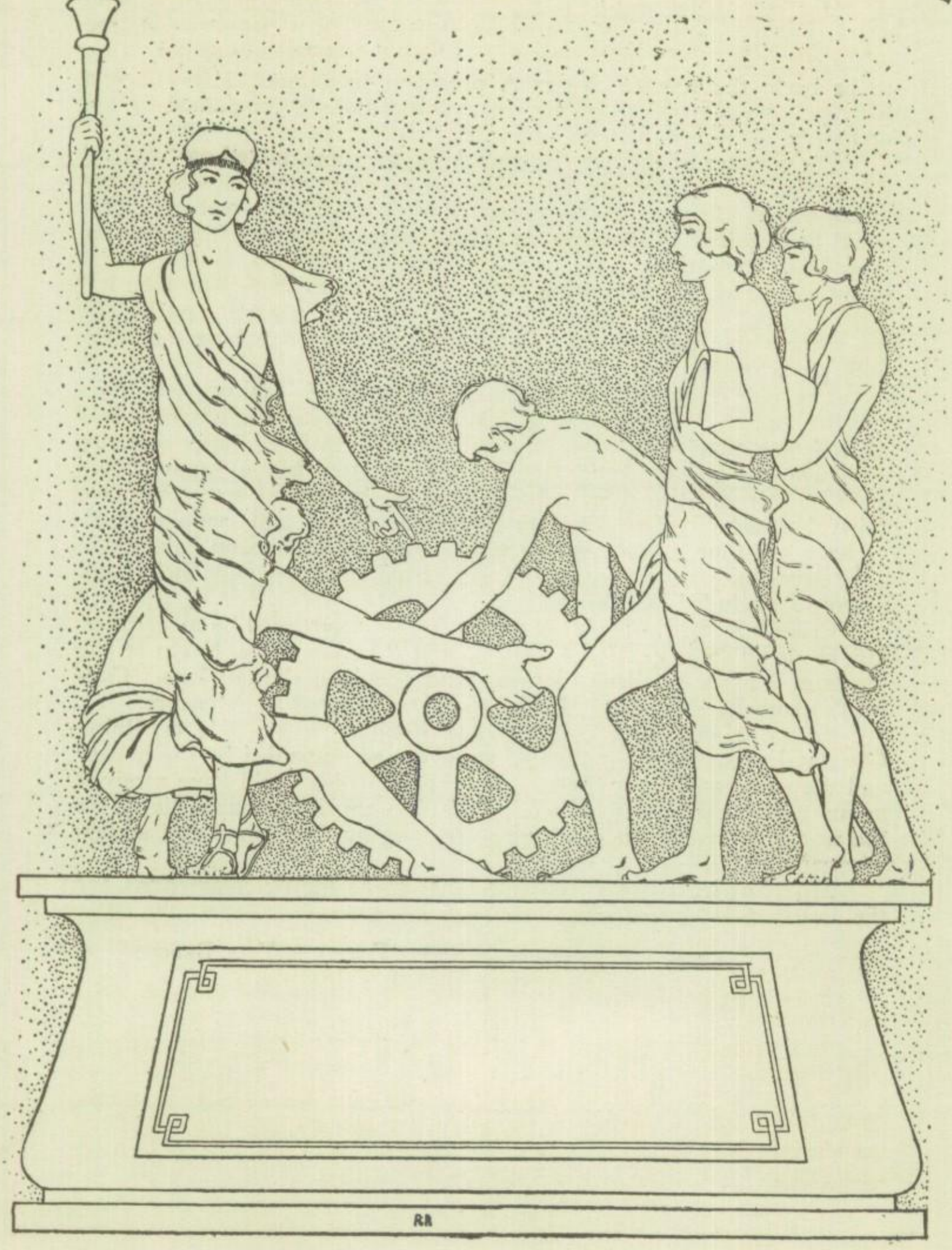
November twenty-ninth, the Senior A's again celebrated their supremacy in the school, this time with a dance which took place in the girls' gym.

On the programs of purple and white was announced this delightful entertainment:

Impersonation, Carl Clark; Vocal Solo, Hubert Baty; Stunt, Peck and Firmin.

Cheat dances, and the Paul Jones led by Mr. Ligda, were the dominant features of the evening. Although the class of W'17 is somewhat small, the "pep" which characterizes this class was not lacking.

ALUMNI



ALUMNI DAY PROGRAM

Alumni day, January 5th, was one of the distinctive social events of the school year. The school was an open house from nine in the morning until the breaking up of the party in the evening. An alumni program was the feature of the morning assembly, an enjoyable luncheon marked the noon hour and a party in the evening made the grand climax of the day.

Mortimer Kline turned over the key of the school at noon "Aud" to the present Alumni president, Kenneth Repath, S'16, who took charge of the program. After a short talk in which he told how glad they were to be back, the former Senior A president introduced Miss Thelma Robbins who played one of her own compositions accompanied by the orchestra.

The speaker of the day, Raymond Vandervoort, talked on "A Real Education." The students listened to his excellent address with an unusually keen interest. He suggested three ways that a real education could be acquired. "Read up on a few subjects that are important or useful, as International Law, or pyschology. The latter is a subject that is not only intensely interesting but of real value to those who take it." The other two ways included visiting the courts, city council, reading the newspapers and spending the vacation time working, "rubbing shoulders with the world."

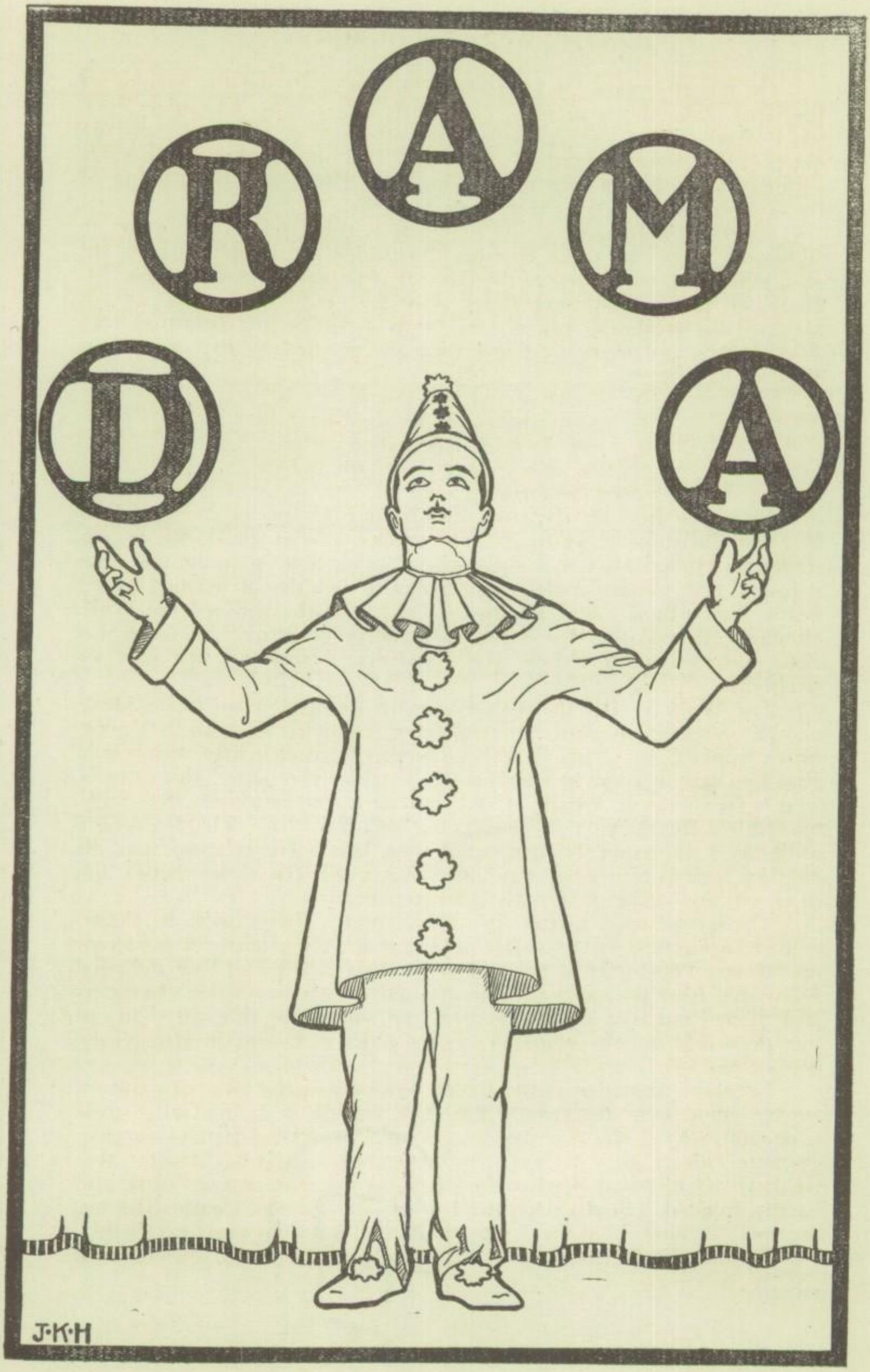
The old friend of the Alumni, Doctor A. E. Wilson, was then asked to speak. He greeted the "old timers" with a few hearty words of welcome that were very impressive because of the deep sincerity with which they were uttered. The Doctor acted like a happy father after the "prodigal son" has returned and all the time he spoke, his face fairly beamed. A few celebrities were mentioned and complimented. "I have not time to go over the whole list of Alumni who have made good; the time is too short and I am afraid the list would include all of you," concluded Dr. Wilson.

Charles S. Edwards played a cello solo, accompanied by his mother. He rendered "Adagio" by Turirllo, and "Autumn" by Nevin. The program was of excellent character and delighted the students. Cadman's exquisite love song, "At Dawning" was played as an encore.

"Alma Mater," music by Thelma Robbins, and words by Ralph Cleveland was sung by the whole audience, accompanied by the author and the piano and the orchestra. Thelma Robbins could have received no more fitting tribute to her work than the enthusiastic manner in which the words of loyalty and homage were sung by the alumni and undergraduates.

Miss Fowler and her committee are to be highly commended for their sucessful management of the events of the day.

EUGENIA VAN BERGEN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"THE WOLF OF GUBBIO"

On the afternoons of December 14th and 15th and the evening of the latter date, the term play, "Wolf of Gubbio," by Josephine Preston Peabody (Mrs. Lionel Marks), was produced in our auditorium under the direction of Maude T. Howell. The intermissions were made a thing of joy by the singing of Lawrence Tibbet and the playing of the orchestra, led by Miss Mary Esta Groves.

As the curtain rises in the first act, a woodland scene appears in silhouette. The full scene becomes discernible as the light rises in the east. One is carried back to the days of childhood, when everyone believes in fairies and everything beautiful and true. The dryads breathed the freshness, charm and dainty aloofness of Nature as they danced here and there. At last they are startled by the cry of the Wolf as he mutters,

"The World is cold, the World is cold,
The snows are 'round us, fold on fold.
Only the flocks are stalled within;
The kine are gathered, kith and kin.
I must be growing old."

From the first act the story rapidly unfolds, giving a message of love and Christmas cheer to all. The main character, the Wolf, as portrayed by Hubert Baty, was the essential thing that made the cast "put it over." He worked under superhuman difficulties occasioned by his heavy fur costume. The audience soon forgot the body of the Wolf, although Hubert used it effectively in every gesture. His voice was rich, powerful, commanding, and filled every corner of the vast assembly.

The Wolf typifies the man who cannot quite live up to his ideals and in a great many ways, the character resembles Herman in Hauptman's Sunken Bell. The Wolf has longed to meet a man who would trust him and of whom he would not be afraid. He meets Saint Francis, who is famous as an apostle of love and for a time he almost lives up to his ideals. But the past comes creeping back like a bad, unbidden dream, until he is overcome by temptation and hate. He relapses into his old, low state but does not stay there long, as his conscience causes him to repent and make up for his transgression.

The second act, is a street in Gubbio and the scenery with its picturesque coloring relieves the background in which the arch of Gubbio looms up. James Polsdorfer as Saint Francis creates a spirit of love and good fellowship from the moment he enters until he goes out. He characterized Saint Francis as the young man who forsook wealth and went out into the world to help others, not as the older man who, in after years, was sainted.

Earnest Alexander as the Baker received a great deal of applause for his comic songs and general slap-stick comedy. Virginia Gallot made a peasant with a sharp, witty tongue that would be hard to surpass. Jeanette Gilbert as the Dyer's wife pictured a selfish character that we have all met and we had to laugh because she was so catty and narrow minded. Bimba, Dorothy Kotzow, and Bimbo, Charles Barrett, are only "B niners" but they certainly carried out their parts excellently.

The thieves did some clever acting, altho Elmo Lowe did not seem

perfectly at home in the part. Even in drama his truthful nature stood out! Grillo, the cynical thief, was well taken by Stanley Taylor who lived the part every minute.

Can you imagine Homer Howard as a foolish, half witted Dominician? That was the part he had and he made a very lovable character out of Brother Juniper. The other brother was called Leo, and William Weifenbach was more saintly than you could have imagined it possible for him to be.

In the last act there was the scene of greatest beauty. The scene about the manger was realistic and touching. The cyclorama sweeping over the whole vast pageant gave the scene the warmth and brightness that seem a part of the Christmas spirit and as Saint Francis stepped forward and gave the last words:

"And if there be out yonder any Wolf,
Or great or small, behold—
Come, little brother Wolves, come in,
Come hither out of the cold."

the audience felt as though they had been brought in out of the cold to a beautiful understanding of the love that Saint Francis had spent his life in preaching.

Nicolo, the innkeeper, was taken by Jack Soister; Lucia, his daughter, by Paula Norton. The Potter, the Dyer, the Furrier, Louis King of France, and Guiseppe were taken respectively by George Evans, Earnest Peck, Audley Alexander, Leland Mock, and Earl Marsh. All carried their parts well and helped to make the play a success.

Dorothea Vogel played well the part of an old blind lady with a cracked voice. Elizabeth Armstrong as Assunta spoke only three words but her pantomime was perfect. Mary Alice Miller, Odessa Niehaus, Marjorie Scott and Miriam Wise were dryads who seemed to have detached themselves from this earth and become beings in fairy land.

The other Wood Dryads, Folk of Gubbio, Italian Dancers. Retainers of Louis, choir boys, and children entered into the spirit of the play and "kept inside" thruout the action.

The entire work of the play was carried on by the students. The costumes were designed by the stage costuming class under the direction of Ruby Hodge. The publicity work was carried on by Miss Oyler through the advertising classes and by Mr. Maynard through the journalism classes. The stagecraft boys worked night and day under their chief, Mr. Beswick. and the results were certainly the best boost the boys could have. The makeup was under the supervision of Mrs. Isabella McReynolds Gray. Miss Jessie Adamson was in charge of the dances.

The play was given for the Teachers' Institute on Thursday, December 21st and was received with the appreciation an older audience always gives to something worth while. The message of the play, the poetry of the lines, the hidden stringed orchestra, the real forest effect created by Mr. Beswick, the acting of the cast of eighty and the wonderful work of Miss Howell were given the credit they so richly deserved.

The cast traveled down to Redondo where they gave two scenes from the Wolf of Gubbio. Father de Garmo wrote a letter of thanks to the Weekly which is quoted in part:

"The actors adapted themselves most gracefully to the small stage

of our hall, and seemed to live their parts in these simple surroundings. Brother Wolf was very real and fearfully near to our little ones of the Sunday School. 'Muzzer', cried one, 'he is—he is a real animal.' "

"TOO MANY CROOKS"

"Too Many Crooks," written and produced by Mr. J. Stewart Irvin, a member of the Morosco Stock Company, was produced November first with marked success. The play was a rollicking farce, bubbling over with spontaneous joy and mirth. The funny situations brought to front some "real actors" who had not yet been "discovered."

Juna Southwick made a hit the minute she entered, and she really deserved a great deal of credit because she was absolutely natural and thoroly lovable. Louise Balderman wore stunning gowns and made an excellent modern sister, of the sweet, domineering type.

The male leads were all good. Roy Elmore made a nervous burglar in the role of "Spike" that would be hard to surpass. Earle Marsh and William Weifenbach were seen for the first time and took their parts in such an excellent way that everyone wanted to see them again.

The success of the cast in so unusual a school play could be seen in the pleasurable relaxation and abandonment of the audience to the merry movement of the story.

THE MAN FROM HOME

"The Man from Home," by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson, a typically modern play, was given in the school auditorium on January twenty-sixth by the Senior A class. The finished acting of the cast, the charming breeziness of the plot, the modern stage setting and the music all contributed to make the play a success and a source of great satisfaction to the whole Senior A class.

Wallace McGee as Daniel Voorhies Pike gave an interpretation of a typical Indiana gentleman with a keen insight into human nature and a dry wit that was killing. The true charm of "Wally's" acting was the fact that he was natural at all times and the audience held their sides most of the time he was giving his lines.

Ethel Granger-Simpson, a charming American girl who has been educated into the belief that a titled name is everything, was taken by Madge Biddle. The characterization of her part was simplicity spelled with a capital S. Youth is always enchanting in its simplicity and that is why Madge won a place in the hearts of all those who saw the play. Her real character is shown the minute she begins to understand that the real people do not necessarily belong to the titled class. It doesn't take Mr. Pike, with his pronounced American mannerisms, very long to bring out Ethel's real personality.

The Grand Duke Vasili Vasilivitch, a Russian nobleman, was the kind of a character that is able to mix with and understand all types of men. Roland Cooper took this part and made the most of it. One little scrub was heard to remark, "He sure would make some Russian count if someone ever left him any money so he could buy one of those titles Ethel was after."

The Earl of Hawcastle, Elwood Crane, made an Englishman of the fortune-hunting type that was simply great. His son, Hon. Almerie St. Aubyn, was portrayed by Jack Soister, who took the part of a spineless English snob, and acted so well that the audience asked, with Daniel Voorhies Pike, "Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a man like that? What do they charge for a real man over here?"

The French were well represented by Jeanette Gilbert as Comtesse De Champigny, and Ashton Allen, as Ribiere, a French agent of the Duke. The parts seemed made for them, altho they both admit that they do not know one French word from the other. Ashton says he learned how to say "Oui, oui" properly, if not anything else.

Horace Granger-Simpson, Ethel's brother, was acted by Harry Wilson. He took the part to perfection and gave us a picture of the American who will not buy anything unless it has the "Made in Germany" stamp on it.

Vaughn Van Wye had a most difficult role of a Russian Socialist who had been sent to Siberia for a crime he did not really commit. Vaughn's work was very commendable and he made even the most heartless feel sorry for him.

Lady Creech, a conventional chaperon, taken by Mavis-Clair Harris, made herself especially objectionable to the young people who were interested only in becoming acquainted.

Mariano by Carl Clark, and Michele by Basil Clough, were Italians of the real "spaghetti" type. The other minor parts of the play were well taken.

The scene is laid in Italy and the plot of the play centers around Ethel, who is wealthy, and the Hawcastle's, who are not, but hope to be thru the marriage of the Hon. St. Aubyn to her. Daniel Voorhies Pike is the girl's guardian and when he refuses to allow her to sell herself for a title, things really begin to happen. The play is very dramatic thruout and very suitable for a high school play.

The scenery was the "real thing" according to Mr. Beswick, who said. "The drops used in the rear were given to me by the Metropolitan Opera Company. They were painted in Italy by masters." The scenes on the terrace were especially beautiful and the lighting was wonderful thruout the play.

Again Miss Howell showed her foresight in selecting the cast. She has worked untiringly and her results are a lasting tribute to her efforts.

Aud Echoes

In after years the echoes of events in happy high school days will linger long with us. The big good times, with friends, students and teachers, have all centered about the fine old assembly hall.

We have listened patiently and applauded to sage advice from those both younger and older than ourselves. We've sung and yelled until we had no voices left, but we're ever joyous to sit at attention in the Aud.

At the Mimerian assembly, Warren Lamport and Harold Morton, once student body presidents, gave interesting talks. Helen List and Myra Del Grether, two former girls' vice-presidents, spoke on scholarship at one of the liveliest auds of the year. Among the notable men who appeared on our Aud platform this term were Dr. Briggs of Columbia University, Dr. Ball, President of the Santa Barbara State Normal School, Mr. Monlux, Col. E. L. H. Swift of New York, Dr. College and Mr. Minor. The last two are connected with the Redpath Lyceum Bureau.

Fun was master of ceremonies at all of the big football rallies of the year and especially at the "Poly" rally, which was voted by the student body as the funniest, "pepiest" rally of the term. Altho the rallies were full of "pep" and fun, genuine Manual spirit prevailed at all times and drastic measures did not have to be adopted to "get the crowd," or to support the teams. Football occupied only a part of the Aud programs. Rallies were held for debating, Girls' League, track and baseball.

"Will you ever forget the day Ralph Wilson was re-elected yell leader, and the day Bill Street spoke?" a little scrub asked a Senior A.

"No, sonny, those are just a few of the gems I am carrying away with me when I leave this dear old place."

He expressed the feeling we all have about our Aud calls, which will echo for a long time in our hearts. He did not mention the concert given by Adelaide Gosnell and Lawrence Tibbits, and the perfect picture of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" as interpreted by Josephine Landrum.

A new innovation this term was the adoption of a Lyceum Course that promises to occupy a prominent place in the school. The students backed the proposition with amazing enthusiasm, showing that they wanted the best obtainable lecturers and entertainers, and that they wanted to have more than just entertainment by their own members, and, as Dr. Wilson said, it proves that we do not want to become a society for the purpose of mutual admiration.

COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

Wednesday Evening, January thirty-first.

1. Processional, from Aida, Manual Arts Orchestra.
2. Vocal Selection, Senior Double Quartet.
3. The Habit of Success, Celeste S. Hand.
4. Violin Solo, Concerto No. 1, Paganini, Bourn Jones.
5. Opportunity, Roland Cooper.
6. Vocal Solo, Vaughn Van Wye, Inith Ballenger at piano.
7. Address, Dr. Albert Shiels, Superintendent, Los Angeles City Schools.
8. Presentation of the class, Dr. Albert Wilson, Principal of Manual Arts High School.
9. Presentation of diplomas, Judge Waldo M. York, Member of the Board of Education.
10. Acceptance of Diplomas, Elwood Crane, President of Winter Seventeen Class.
11. Recessional, Kipling-De Koven, By the Class.
12. Reception in Girls' Gymnasium.

Calendar

SEPTEMBER

Monday, 11th. Hurrah! School opens. One mad rush for class rooms. We lose some lower classmen to the new Jefferson High.

Tuesday, 12th. Program readjustments begin.

Wednesday, 13th. Assembly. Two Spangles glitter. Mr. Spangler leads us in "The Star Spangled Banner."

Thursday, 14th. Maroon and Silver of S'16 is hauled down by Lena Canatella and Katie Harrington. Purple and white waves on high in 329.

Friday, 15th. Senior A's roast hot dogs at Echo Park. Oh you lake!

Monday, 18th. Kline pleads for real active council.

Tuesday, 19th. Football rally. Lamport twins boost Manual Spirit.

Wednesday, 20th. Elwood Crane wins Senior A presidency by large majority.

Thursday, 21st. The value of excellence in scholarship secures attention at Manual.

Friday, 22nd. Boys' assembly in Aud to hear lecture on "Employment." Girls have programs in their class rooms.

Monday, 25th. Oh joy! We can now go to the library. Program committee appointed.

OCTOBER

Monday, 2nd. Dahlia exhibit prepared by Mr. Shepherd's agricultural classes.

Tuesday, 3rd. Josephine Landrum gives dramatic reading, "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Faculty entertains new members in gym. Ice cream for all.

Wednesday, 4th. Girls' Self Government elects officers.

Thursday, 5th. Adelphic nominations. Jimmie Polsdorfer is unanimously elected boys' vice-president.

Friday, 6th. Yell leaders try out. The unanimous choice of the student body is Ralph Wilson.

Monday, 9th. Ernest Peck elected president of the Adelphic.

Tuesday, 10th. Miss Dole, Miss Pape and Miss Armstrong address the girls.

Wednesday, 11th. Those harmonious Senior A's are heard warbling again.

Thursday, 12th. Great excitement prevails in 329 over the election.

Tuesday, 26th. Mimerian rallv.

Wednesday, 27th. Senior B's frightened to death. Senior A girls challenged them to a game of basketball.

Thursday, 28th. Senior A officers installed. A death-like silence reigns as Bobby Carlquist gives up the treasury-ship.

Friday, 29th. Football team leaves for San Diego. Student body sing "Alma Mater."

of a "reporter." Everybody nominated.

Monday, 16th. Senior B's and A's mingle voices. School suffers in consequence.

Tuesday, 17th. Students contribute magazines and paper for the Annual Tubercular Benefit.

Wednesday, 18th. Senior B's choose green and gold for their colors.

Thursday, 19th. Miss Dole addresses Senior A's.

Friday, 20th. No rain. Senior A's picnic at Sycamore Grove. Miss Oyler, Miss Jones and Mr. Quintin give treat. Chicken and pie for all. Dr. Wilson, Miss Dole and Mr. Fonda attend.

Monday, 23rd. Miss Howell selects cast for "Wolf of Gubbio." Hubert Baty gets lead.

Tuesday, 24th. Senior A and B Adelphic program big success. Mr. Ball gives us a heart to heart talk.

Wednesday, 25th. Senior A and B basketball game in gym. Yellow streak bit the dust to tune of 17 to 8. And now the purple "17" waves on high.

Thursday, 26th. Harry Rennegal, our soldier boy, speaks to us.

Friday, 27th. Grace Loudon elected by the eleventh grade to represent Manual at the State Girls' League Convention in Pasadena.

Monday, 30th. Artisan Camera Contest begins.

Tuesday, 31st. Mr. Irvin, member of the Morosco Stock Company,

NOVEMBER

Wednesday, 1st. Section D of the Girls' League gives party in the gym.

Thursday, 2nd. Hollywood's goat frisking on the green. Football team and coaches given enthusiastic "send-off."

Friday, 3rd. Hollywood's goat captured by Manual. Score, 55 to 0.

Monday, 6th. Tomorrow is Election Day. No school. Class votes are taken. Wilson and Hughes running even.

Wednesday, 8th. Mr. Monlux gives renewal of hope for our presents own playlet, "Too Many Crooks." Audience very much amused. Dr. Shiels attends faculty meeting and informal reception by faculty in his honor.
swimming pool.

Thursday, 9th. Lincoln High plays Manual in plucky and exciting game on our grounds. Manual rolled up 36 points, Lincoln receiving a goose-egg.

Friday, 10th. A military training for high school boys is discussed in a general assembly of boys. The "Artisan" idea is given to the Press Convention at Hollywood.

Monday, 13th. "Keep the grounds beautiful," is the reminder to those lunching on the lawn.

Tuesday, 14th. Wally McGee: "I'll be Poly, and when I say 'give 'em the ax,' etc., you say 'Boomerang.' Now! 'Poly!'" P. T. A. entertains Supt. Shiels at a reception.

Wednesday, 15th. Mrs. Adams-Fisher gives address to the Spanish Club.

Thursday, 16th. Rally for football and debating in assembly.

New weapons introduced.

Friday, 17th. 2:30 P. M.: "Yea! Bo! We're off to the game." 5:30 P. M.: The "Gold" is down. Manual 28, Poly 0. Interscholastic debating results arrive. Manual 0, Hollywood 3, at home. Manual 3, San Diego 0, at San Diego.

Monday, 20th. Doctor whispers to Senior A boys: "You know, boys, it's your duty to get a girl." Bashful ones get a jolt.

Tuesday, 21st. Delegates to Girls' League Convention at Pasadena return with renewed enthusiasm.

Wednesday, 22nd. Senior A boys advise girls regarding commencement apparel.

Thursday, 23rd. L. A. slaughtered by Manual. Score, Manual 33, L. A. 0.

Monday, 27th. An all-Senior singing contest surprises Miss Groves.

Tuesday, 28th. Mimerians become actors. By their acts shall we know our honorable citizens.

Wednesday, 29th. Dr. Wilson gives first special "Aud Call" in some time. Dr. College makes announcement regarding Redpath Lyceum Course to be given at Manual on that day. The versatile American Quartette wins the approval and praise of our students in the first of our Lyceum entertainments. Thanksgiving vacation.

DECEMBER

Monday, 4th. President Kline speaks in favor of school slogan.

Tuesday, 5th. Stores of food, clothing, toys and candy are accumulated that the Manual student may be a real Santa Claus to his less fortunate brother in the city.

Wednesday, 6th. Dates of the finals in the Interscholastic Football series are announced.

Thursday, 7th. Basketball game is played with Huntington Park. Score, Manual 28, Huntington Park 25.

Friday, 8th. Pasadena-Manual football game played at Washington Park. Very exciting. Pasadena is out-classed. Score, Manual 42, Pasadena 7. Pasadena the first team to score on us in a league game this year.

Monday, 11th. "The Man From Home" is chosen as the Senior A class play.

Tuesday, 12th. The story of "The Wolf of Gubbio" and St. Francis is told thruout the day.

Wednesday, 13th. Language clubs join in giving a party.

Thursday, 14th. As a Christmas gift, Miss Howell and her entire company of actors and assistants in "The Wolf of Gubbio" gave a special matinee performance of the play to two thousand grammar school children of the community.

Friday, 15th. Twice today the students gave "The Wolf of Gubbio," with the big message to mankind of fellowship and love in all the beauty and thot that marks this, our Christmas season. Merry Christmas and Happy New Year. Poor, overworked students go on two week vacation to forget what they learned.

Saturday, 16th. Manual met Fullerton in the semi-finals for the

Southern California football championship. Fullerton sent back home after pluckily fighting an uphill battle. Score, Manual 53, Fullerton 0.

Wednesday, 20th. San Diego conquers Manual cripples and wins Southern California gridiron title. Loss of Jimmie Blewett keenly felt. Score, San Diego 9, Manual 0.

JANUARY

Tuesday, 2nd. Cast for Senior play, the "Man From Home," chosen. Madge Biddle and "Wally" McGee capture leads.

Wednesday, 3rd. Second number of Lyceum Course gratefully received. Mr. Fletcher entertains.

Thursday, 4th. Cast of "Man From Home" is working hard. Some old Alumni friends are seen roaming the halls. Celeste Hand and Roland Cooper chosen as Commencement speakers.

Friday, 5th. Alumni Day. Many old friends are back. Ray Vandervoort addresses assembly. Party in gym.

Saturday, 6th. Players' Club is "at home" in Girls' Gym at 8 P. M.

Monday, 8th. Who's most popular? Nominating petitions are out.

Tuesday, 9th. Cumnock school gives program in our Aud to student body. Yes, boys, they were all girls.

Wednesday, 10th. An "A-a-m-e-n" is heard from 329'ers.

Thursday, 11th. "What is going on in the Aud?" "Oh, it's those 10th graders trying to sing."

Friday, 12th. "Mound Builders," a cantata presented before the student body by the combined glee clubs, is appreciated. 8 P. M.—M. A. vs. Poly in a debate.

Saturday, 13th. Football fellows have feed and party.

Monday, 15th. "Please elect me, as I am the best candidate." Student body's first day of suffering.

Tuesday, 16th. Speeches by candidates in Aud are continued.

Thursday, 18th. Candidates nervous. Primary elections.

Friday, 19th. Senior B's reception to Senior A's.

Saturday, 20th. Combined Language Clubs have party in gym.

Monday, 22nd. Final election.

Wednesday, 24th. Third number of Lyceum Course.

Thursday, 25th. Artisan is gratefully received. Dress rehearsal of "Man From Home."

Friday, 26th. Senior A's present "Man from Home" in Aud at 2 and 8 P. M. The play is a great success.

Monday, 29th. At last the movies are here. A great treat to student body. All enjoyed them.

Tuesday, 30th. Eighth grade graduation excercises in Aud at 9 A. M. We see many prospective scrubs. Senior A's rally in Aud at noon. Tree planting ceremony.

Wednesday, 31st. Senior A's bid farewell to Alma Mater. Commencement in Aud at 8 P. M. New student body officers installed at noon assembly.

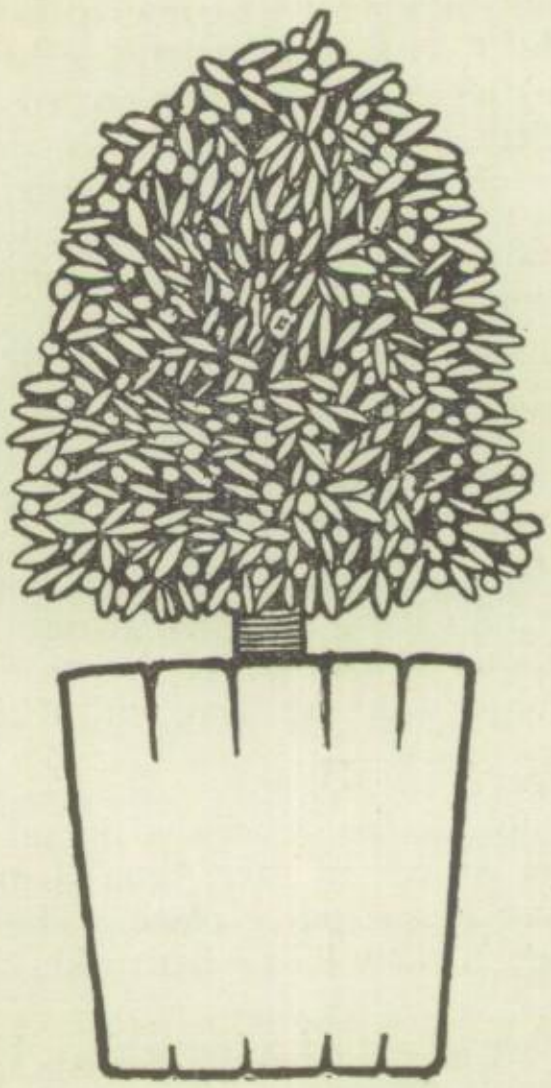
FEBRUARY

Thursday, 1st. Alumni banquet and party. Adelphic program at noon.

Friday, 2nd. Joy, new term begins.

Saturday, 3rd. New scrubs rush to us.

STORIES



Th' Prospectin' Habit

By Clayton Davis

I

"'S goin' t' be 'nother scorcher t'morer," says I t' George.

"Right yer are," says George to me.

"Let's roll afore sun up," says I, "'n toddle 'long t' Agua Negruzco. What say?"

"'S good," says George, 'n, turnin' over, he mixes his snores with th' night noises.

I sets up fer a while longer enjoyin' th' peace of th' evenin'. Th' flame of th' sage fire is a flickerin' 'n a swayin' in th' night breeze, 'n George is a keepin' perfect time with th' wheeze of th' bubblin' bean pot what we is givin' its boilin' out.

Them there everlastin' hills what we curses at in th' day time somehow seems mighty restful t' look at, all misty 'n shadowy in th' white moonlight. They fits so nice with them splotched sage wastes what fills in th' flats atween 'em.

'N th' stars, they wink down at yer kinda eggin' yer on t' come 'long 'n join 'em. They don't look so far 'way; only a step or two lookin' up, seems like yer was on top of a big mountain, a gazin' down into th' world below. Th' smilin' moon is like a big town, with its white lights a shinin' boldly out, 'n th' stars are th' little burgs what always clusters 'bout th' big ones.

"Aw, rats!" I says t' myself, "what 'm I a thinkin' of. They ain't no beauty in this here kinda country! Bill Slossen, yer git t' bed 'n cut out this here foolishness!"

Dawg gonit! Maybe I am a fool, but they is somethin' in these here nights what gits me all off my common sense.

Well, anyways, I gits up 'n looks t' see that th' jacks ain't strayed too far, then I helps George 'n th' pot 'long with their tune.

II

'N hour afore sun up, we has et, chased in th' jacks, packed, 'n is on our road. At noon we comes inter Agua Negruzco.

These here wells sure is one purty place. Th' only green in th' miles 'n miles of grey sage 'n rusty hills what makes up this war-bitten, Greaser infested land.

Th' water kinda slides up out of a bottomless, black pool, 'n slips away atween the row of cottonwoods 'n quakin' asps what runs 'round th' edge, 'til th' scorchin' sand gits th' best of it. Th' quakin' asps is always a rustlin' 'n a wavin' 'bout, restless like a rattler what can't see yer, but knows yer a goin' t' swat 'm sure.

Over 'bout five hundred yards is a big hump of dirt, with lots of big boulders on top. Dunno how it got there; looks kinda like when some giant was a'makin' this here land, he got his wheelbarrer upset 'n never reloaded it. Anyways, it's there, 'n we ain't a'goin' t' move it.

"Ole place sure looks purty good," says George, while we unpacks 'n makes camp. "Them jacks is a'goin' t' pick up durn spry after a

couple 'a days here."

"Bet yer life! 'N so is we," I says. "This here dawg gon land sure draws a feller out. C'mon, let's git a wash!"

We bums 'round these here wells fer maybe a week. Can't leave 'em. They're too durn nice t' leave after cruzin' thru them rainbow hills fer as long as we has. Didn't see nawthin', neither, but heat 'n rattlers. They ain't no mineral in these here hills.

So as I says, we loafs. Don't do nawthin', but git our junk in sooner or later we got t' go into them hills agin. They ain't nawthin' there but we can't quit so long as th' grub holds out. We got th' prospectin' habit, 'n yer can't lose that. Not on yer life! You keeps a'goin' 'til yer gits yer little six by two garden plot in th' sand 'n sage. 'S great life, if yer don't weaken.

III

Th' day afore we figures on pullin' freight, we climbs t' th' top of that hump out there 'n sets down t' enjoy a rest 'mong th' boulders. Purty soon a big shadder passes over us. George looks up quick.

"Dawg gonit!" he says, peevishly, "there's one of them durned flyin' cesspools agin'. Now we're a'goin' t' have bad luck. Why th' dickens didn't he stay away?"

"G' on!" I says, "that ain't no buzzard. That's one of them Mexican eagles, what yer see on th' Greaser coins."

" 'T'ain't nuther, nohow," says George.

"Aw, well, he ain't worth fightin' over,' I says, 'n we caps th' gas well fer a while.

While George ain't sayin' nawthin', he's dog gon restless. He can't keep his eyes still. Seems like he's a'lookin' fer that there bad luck what's a promised him. Purty soon, he jumps up.

"C'mon," he says, "we gotta git outa this!"

"Aw, what's eatin' on yer?" says I, "set down 'n don't be a fool!"

"Durn it!" he hollers, a'hoppin' up 'n down, "don't yer see what's a'comin'?"

I looks.

"Naw," I says, "I don't see nawthin' but one of them pesky sand augers a scootin' up th' line."

"Sand auger, nawthin'!" he yelps, "them's horses 'n on them nags is Greasers!"

I looks agin, 'n durned if he ain't right.

We piles down offen that ther hump like a "doughboy" answerin' mess call, 'n busts into camp.

"Unhobble them jacks, 'n let 'em go!" says George, "we ain't got no use fer 'em now. They won't run away 'less them Greasers runs 'em!"

"We got 'bout three quarters of an hour afore they kin reach here," I says, "let's git all the water 'n grub we kin up in them rocks on th' hump. 'S our only hope."

We works like th' dickens, 'n in half 'n hour has got all th' junk up in a rock circled basin what looks out over all th' surroundin' country. We kicks dirt over th' ashes, hides th' pack saddles, 'n chases

th' jacks out into th' brush. Then we beats it up into th' boulders, loads 'n waits. 'N we don't hafter wait long, nuther."

"Durned if 't'ain't ole Pablo Rojo'," says George.

"Yes," I says, "'n th' dinged murderer's got twenty jest like him trottin' 'long behind. This ain't a'goin' t' be no cinch, a'gettin' outa this mess."

Purty soon they spies th' jacks what has strayed back t' water. They holds a palaver, 'n scatters. One of 'em kicks up th' ashes, but they don't find no saddles. No sir, we hid 'em too durn good! Then a big, heavy-jowled, buggy-bearded brute lights onto our trail into th' hump. They has 'nother confab, 'n spreads 'round th' hump.

"Well," says George, "we gotta start this here job someday 'n we might's well try 'n finish it afore dark."

He takes a nice long aim on ole buggy-beard (picked him out 'cause he's too dawg goned nosey) the ole "38-20" goes "plop," 'n th' big cuss looks kinda surprised fer a minute, then he hangs himself over a big sage.

"Nice work," I says, "let's see what I kin do. Who'll I mess up?"

"Take ole Pablo," says George, "if we kin git him maybe we kin scare th' rest of 'em off."

I lets him have it, but, dawg gonit, jest 'bout then he falls over a sage root, 'n I misses him a mile of Sundays.

So we has it all thru th' day. They ain't no shade in that durned rock heap 'til 'bout three in th' afternoon, 'n believe me, we was a boilin' inside 'n out by that time.

Things has poked 'long kinda slow like, we only killin' twelve of Pablo's pets. Naw, we ain't got touched! They needs one of these here flyin' machines t' see us.

As I says, it's about three in th' afternoon, 'n we begins t' git a bit leary of gettin' trapped at night. But we can't git out, so we makes th' best of it.

Pablo has got tired of gittin' his skunks picked off that a'way, 'n he calls 'em off fer a council of war. We sets tight, a'watchin' perceedin's.

A black shadder passes over th' hump. George climbs t' his feet.

"Durn it!" he yells, "there's that there dawggone cuss what started this here ruckess. Yer don't pick no bones of mine, yer stinkin' black carcass!"

With them words, that durn fool shins up on top of th' boulders 'n starts a firin' at that there bird.

"C'mon down offen there!" I yells, "Yer goin' bughouse! Git out of sight of them Greasers!"

'T'aint no use. He didn't come down 'til he 'n th' bird come t'gether with a thump. Th Greasers has got th' range on him same time as he got it on th' bird. They nuther of 'em moves. I rushes out 'n carries him under a boulder.

"George," I says, "George! Speak t' me, won't yer? It's me, ole Bill Slossen, what's a callin' yer! "C'mon man, this ain't no time fer kiddin'! Speak up 'n say yer only a foolin'!"

'T'ain't no use. He's got a little trickle of blood a runnin' from

his head, what's hangin' limp. Musta broke his neck when he flopped offen them rocks.

Then I goes mad. I'm a peaceful man 'n I ain't a given over t' cussin', but I loses my dome right here.

I grabs all th' guns 'n shells what we got, 'n I gets ready. Them fool Greasers ain't stopped t' think that they might be 'nother feller here 'n they comes up in a body, what's left of 'em.

"Damn yer greasy, stinkin', yeller hides," I yells, "keep on a comin' 'n by Gawd yer all will go long t' a wuss place 'n this! C'mon, you dirty faced Sons of Satan, I'm a waitin' fer yer!"

Then I lets 'em have it. Man, one of them there machine guns would a'looked like it was jammed, 'long side of me! Them Greasers ain't never seen so much lead in all their bloody lives. I lets 'em have it, 'til I ain't got no more left, 'n by that time they ain't no Greasers left, nuther.

Right here I forgets all 'bout what's a'goin' on 'n sort a fades 'way into where I don't git outa 'til next day.

Ole Man Sun is a stickin' his prongs into my face right cheerful like when I wakes up. I sets up'n looks 'round. There's one of them black pests a cockin' his eye at George.

"Dawggonit! You git outa that!" I yells, heavin' a boulder at him. He croaks like Sam Hill when the rock hits him square in th' slats, 'n flies away.

"Don't you nor none of yer family come back, or yer'll git worser 'n that!" I hollers after him.

Well, I takes poor ole George 'n plants him 'longside of the spring. Durn it, I couldn't help a' blubberin' while I was a' doin' it. Me 'n George has been side kicks fer a mighty long time, 'n I sure hates t' lose him.

I packs th' grub down offen th' hump, ketches th' jacks what's come back agin', 'n pulls freight.

IV

"So, stranger, this here kinder clears up that there mysterious abscence of ole Pablo Rojo. Naw, he ain't a'goin' t' do no more murders, no more! I seen t' that.

"Sure, I'll take a nip. May be the last one I'll ever git.

"Yep, I'm a'goin' out agin'. As I said, yer can't quit. It's got yer on th' hip 'n yer can't git off nohow. I ain't no different from all th' rest.

"Well, stranger, I wants t' thank yer fer makin' my last night 'n Gawd's Country as nice as yer has.

"Naw, I ain't a'comin' back no more. This here is my last run. My hunch says so. I'll just drop outa sight somewheres 'n go join George. I feels lonely without him.

"Adios, stranger."

THE PASSING SHOW

By G. Roland Cooper

I stood an on-looker—an easy occupation—therefore one at which I am often engaged. Being a "Senior A," and secure in the belief that I was superior to all except my own class mates of W'17, I wore an amused smile as the throng poured past me to the eighth period classes.

While this thotless "God-bless-you-my-children" attitude rested upon me, my mind was in the condition to philosophize upon men or events, which ever came my way.

I was interrupted in my musing by both. A Scrub crushed against me as he raced madly on in his course. On he dashed thru the eddying humanity with all the zeal of a backfielder hitting the line. One could easily see that his destination was the gym. It appears to be the universal opinion of the ninth graders that gym is an elusive animal that must be run down and captured. To the Senior, gym may saunter as it lists; to reach it at all is the least of his worries. When he does attend, which is the exception rather than the rule, he is frequently detained on the way, sometimes to such length that he is forced to forego, altogether, his beloved exercises.

To my revery again. This eager youth in his reckless haste caused me to wonder whither the others in this moving sea were bound or from what object they were fleeing? Moreover, I was curious to know something of themselves as individuals.

At this moment a Soph passed by. I placed him at once, a Soph because of his nonchalant air. His hands, empty of books, were in his pockets, and he was whistling the latest one-step as he sailed along. Then a little round, robust fellow appeared in my line of vision. His spirit of progress was not unlike that of his fellow Freshman, who had rushed past a moment before, but his body not being built on the lines of a greyhound, refused to speed up. Unlike the Soph, who carried nothing at all but the weight of his own conceit, the lad was grasping a bundle of six books which proved without a doubt that he was of the class of S'20.

The lead in the next act was a young lady, in all probability a Junior, although I claim little knowledge of girls' ages. She wore a troubled frown as she rapidly scanned the pages of her Muzzey's History, try to gleam from its fascinating (?) pages the necessary knowledge for a successful mark in a test. To be sure, she hadn't prepared for this quiz, but then, one's social events cannot be interfered with too much by mere matters of books.

She moved on to the oblivion as the football chorus (Act V) glided past. The line consisted of seven girls. "Center" was occupied by an *almost* popular young lady, the second lead in the coming school play. Both "guard" positions were held down by her two chums, each trying to out-talk the other, but both saying the same thing. The "tackle" (cackle) berths were filled by friends of the respective "guards," while the "ends" were social climbers, proud to be in the company of one so noble. This completed the chorus which swept grandly down the hall. Their progress was sure although comfortably slow. It might be mentioned here that the "backfield" was composed of four disgruntled

males, struggling with the problem of getting to a science building locker and back to 307 before the tardy bell rang.

And so my parade of characters continued—a Senior, worrying about all school activities except his studies; a Scrub overwhelmed with all his studies, but knowing nothing, feeling nothing of school activities; a Soph concerned with nothing at all.

An epilogue of this drama came in the form of an officious secretary of the vice-principal's office, who glided by, bearing in his hand a dreaded office summons.

I passed on to my chief's office, still meditating on the passing show.

THE DESERTED COLLEGE

By Evelyn Gore

Returning from a tramp, one windy afternoon in the fall, I stumbled upon the deserted college. The tall, red brick building presented a gloomy and bare appearance; the dead leaves swirled from the trees with every fresh gust of wind. Rows of windows with most of the shades pulled down added an aspect of desolation. Two or three shades had been torn and hung awry across the glass. The campus was weed-grown and unkept. The steps leading to the entrance to the Hall of Letters were dirty with the accumulated dust of years. Ivy crept, unhindered, across the portico. Through a shadeless window I looked at the Administration Hall. The bare walls seemed to echo with the laughter and greetings of the students who had once used it as a gathering place. Through another window I could distinguish a blackboard, and scrawled across the face of it the score of a football game.

Leaving the Hall of Letters I followed a winding, weed-grown path, to another building—the library. In its day it had evidently been a beautiful structure, for even in the neglected state in which I found it, one could distinguish remnants of an old-fashioned charm. The building had been white but dust and age had stained it a soft gray. Dark ivy climbed in wild riot over the stone wall. Ten or twelve white marble steps led to a great iron-barred entrance. Two dilapidated lanterns hung on either side of it, as though ready to light the way for a student. Back of the library I found a little unused door. I tried it; the padlock fell off into my hand. Pushing the door open I stepped inside. The room was dark, damp and musty. When I pulled up one of the shades a thin layer of dust sifted to the floor.

Determined to explore as much of the old building as I could before darkness sent me home, I pushed open another door and climbed the flight of narrow stairs leading from it to the top, where I found a huge room lighted by a skylight that covered the entire ceiling. Empty book shelves were ranged along the walls, but not a volume had been left on them. The room was empty and had the odor of a room that has been shut up for years. When I walked, footsteps echoed hollowly through the empty room and little clouds of dust which arose added to the unpleasantness of my intrusion.

The place was musty and damp, and so I took my departure very

soon. Creeping down the stairs, I carefully replaced the shade which I had pulled up on my entrance, went out, and closed the door tightly behind me. The wind blew fresh and strong in my face as I left the shadow of the buildings, for it was almost dark. I ran from the campus and when I had gained the street, I stopped for a minute to look back at the old college, dead and deserted, rising up against the sunset. I shivered as I turned away; it seemed so cold and comfortless.

THE GUY, THE GIRL AND THE FORD

or Ellen's Romance

Bob Lochinvar had come out to the West,
Of all in the country his auto was best,
He, save for his bull dog, companion had none,
As he rode all de-luxe from night until dawn.
So faithful in love, and lucky thus far,
There was never a sport like Bob Lochinvar.

He stay'd not for bad roads, he stopp'd not for stones,
He swam the Sant' Ana, for a Fliver he own'd.
But before he arrived at his lady love's home,
She'd consented to wed a flashier groom,
But a slow one to love, who own'd a large car.
Thus did fair Ellen, love of Bob Lochinvar.

Boldly Bob entered the Smith's city home,
But alas! What he saw there made him groan.
Then spoke the bride's father looking Bob in the eye,
(For the groom standing near was heaving a sigh)
"Oh, have you come here this crowd to excite,
And to sit at the wedding feast without an invite?"

"I long loved your daughter, my suit you denied,
So I've relinqushed all the claim to the bride.
There are plenty of 'Janes' in old New York town
Who'll ride in my buss in a Burgundy Gown."
To the fortunate bridegroom he gave the glad hand,
When the old man sent word to strike up the band.

The bride clutched a wishbone, and gave him one end,
His eyes asked a question, as the bone they did bend,
On the side from her father she dropped her one eye,
And Bob knew he sure was the lady's best guy.
"Now you and I the Charlie will dance,"
Said Bob, while her relatives eyed them askance.

They made a fine couple, he tall and she fair,
None had more class in all the crowd there.
Her mother fell into a society faint,
And her father put on apopleptic war paint.

But the bridesmaids said it was better by far,
For fair Ellen Smith to wed brave Lochinvar.

He gave the high sign when they got to the door,
The Ford, it was started and sure made a roar,
He told his pursuers they'd have to get busy,
For he knew that they couldn't catch up with his Lizzie.
The police were all out with "twin-sixes" and "eights,"
But they might just as well have been chasing the "Fates!"

For with love at the wheel, no cops with a star,

Could catch the fair Ellen and Bob Lochinvar.

Instigated by Mary Creswell
Pursued by others,
Caught by our Printer's Devil.

A PANTOMIME

By Raymond Jones

(The following gives some idea of the intense suffering of those who "take" Dramatics. Don't get excited. The disease is not contagious!)

Prologue

Behold! An advertisement doth appear in the "Gastown Gazette." To wit.

"To introduce our new model to the public, send us ten cents in stamps to help cover postage and packing, and the names of six of your friends, and we wll send you by return mail, the latest model Phiting Phliver Phour Phorty. The number is limited; write for yours, quick!"

Scene Wun. Place—office in Gastown.

Bruce, the Book-keeper, lay sprawled out on the office couch, perusing a copy of the "Gastown Gazette." 'Twas three minutes till eight, and the "Gazette" was about to migrate to the waste-basket, when the headline of an "ad" struck Bruce's eye. Altho his eye smarted very much from sharp contact with the "ad," his curiosity was aroused, so he read it. (One minute till eight.)

There was no time to be lost! He opened the stamp drawer with his skeleton key and madly grabbed a bunch of "one centers," chucked them in an envelope, mailed it, and got back to his desk, just as the "derbied" head of the "boss" popped in the door!

Seen too. Place—Gastown Postoffice. Time—a month later.

The postoffice at the little town of Gastown, Gansas, was a scene of great excitement and furor. Bruce had received his "car!" Ah! what a thing of beauty and art she was! What lines! Over the bounding meadows he rode, thru vast fields, over raging rivers, thru forests

and into canyons—forever pursuing the lure of the snowy Mt. peaks. And so the days came and went; the blackness of Night gave way to the purity of Dawn, only to behold Bruce and his car madly scaling the heights of some inaccessible precipice! And so, the seasons came and went, and now has come the day when Bruce's car claim its first birthday. (Probably its last.)

So, pharewell, old year.

Scene three.

Gradually Bruce's interest in his car has diminished, and the once beautiful and much-loved auto has dwindled to a sad wreck! No more does her beauty bring remarks of praise from the passing pedestrians of Gastown. No more does she form the chief topic of conversation at the "Gastown Grocery Checker Club." No more do the girls of G. H. S. glance shyly up at Bruce from under their dark eye-lashes.

Bruce is disgusted—he takes his machine and decides to leave town for good.

"We'll fix 'em, won't we Betty?" he encourages himself as he "cranks 'er up."

"Oh-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o," replies Betty.

Allen

"Say—wassamatter?" (anxiously).

"Oh-o-o-o-e-e-e-e—"

Evidently the car had a pain in the side, but Bruce couldn't help that; so goo-bye—Gastown!

Scene phour. Time—present.

We see Bruce and his machine on a beautiful country boulevard; the shade of the once great machine groaning and screeching in death agony. Anxiety and fear show plainly on the face of Bruce—he is concentrating all his thots in one last effort to keep the machine moving. But at last Fate has decided her issue—with one last sad groan the brave spirit of the "Phiting Pliver" departs; the throbbing of her heart ceases; no more does the sound of her toiling and struggling body break the monotonous drone of the summer's day: with one last, quivering punge she comes to a halt; never to move again!

Our hero, nervously wiping the streaming perspiration from his aching brow, dismounts, and gazes at the cold and silent carcass of his once noble steed with disgust: a look of helplessness and disappointment spreads o'er his countenance; and realizing that the end has come; with one sad farewell caress (kick), he resumes his weary journey on foot, expressing his temperament with many disgusting and expostulating exclamations!

FINIS

"For You're Only a Soldier and Belong to Uncle Sam"

By Clayton Davis

The sergeant and I were seated in front of our tent, wrapped in the charm of the sunset. We had sunsets every night, to be sure, when the clouds and sky would be clothed in the most exquisite greens, pinks, and soft purples. But this evening was one of Nature's marvelous creations. In the midst of the heavy, sombre masses of clouds, a group detached itself and formed a gigantic, grey-reddish tinged scarecrow. The stiff, far-reaching arms were flung out over the misty, distant ranges as tho they were warding off the fiery batallions about the figure. hung like some filmy veil, we could see dimly down the

THE CHARM OF THE SUNSET

THE VALLEY LEADING TO MEXICO

Thru the haze, that tree-dotted valley that led on into Mexico.

But in the middle of it all continued that maddening "pop-pop" of the snipers.

II

"Curse it all!" I said to the sergeant, "why won't they let us at those fellows? It's driving me crazy, this sitting here day in and day out, and having our men picked off! Briggs gone last week! Sims hovering on the edge of eternity! God knows, I may be the next!"

"Don't get rattled," said the sergeant, "you should never get excited on your first hitch, you know."

"Rattled nothing!" I howled, "it's the same thing all the time! Drill, drill, drill! Will they ever forget that infernal call? And hikes!"

"Come, now," remarked the sergeant, "There goes officers' call. Tone down

and maybe the captain will come back and tell us that it is our turn on the range."

NOTHING TO DO BUT HIKE

"Range!" I yelped, "range! Shag four weary miles to fire at a mocking, bobbing square of paper, when we could just as well use those shells on a greasy face! Action! Action! Give me action, and I'll forgive them everything!"

"Tut! Tut!" said the sergeant, soothingly, "forget it, man! Here comes the captain, looking for the top. Come on! Let's go see what is the latest bunk they have for us."

We fell in, and stood at ease, waiting. The captain looked at us fully a minute, and then said slowly, "I know how you will feel about it, men, but no noise until I have finished."

We waited with a half-weary interest, for long ago we learned that expectation and realization are many times miles apart.

"As soon as you are dismissed, make up your complete rolls, put all surplus property in the squad bags, and have them in the mess house by nine o'clock. That gives you an hour. The corporals will see that all canteens are filled, and draw field rations for their squads."

In the rear rank, a voice grumbles, "Dog rot that colonel! Why the dickens does he have to pick the night for these hikes? Drill all day and hike all night."

The captain continued, "We leave at midnight. The regiment will form at 11:30 and there will be no noise when we fall in. Remember that we carry nothing but the barest necessities. You will need all of your strength, because—" (Another one of his jokes, we thot) "we cross the line tonight! Dismiss the company!"

III

"Man! Man!" I yelled, pounding the sergeant on the back, "it's come at last! Why don't you say something, you old bear? Let's hear you rip loose!"

PREPARING THE ROLL-UP

"Run along, son, and pack up," said the sergeant, "and we will talk later."

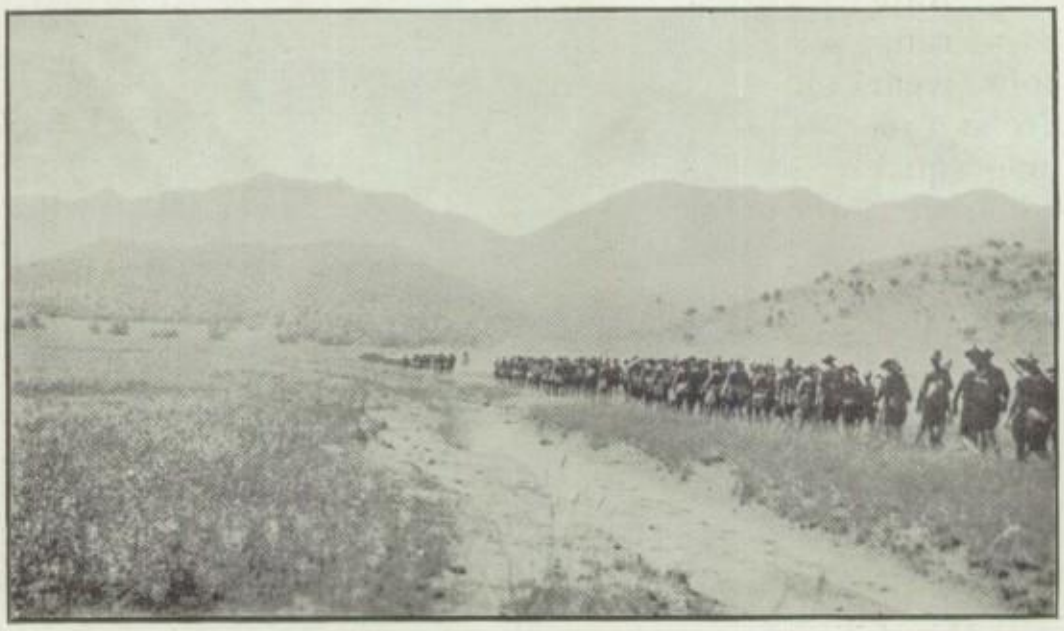
I rushed to the tent, and in a short while was ready to roll. Thruout the entire camp a hum like a gigantic beehive was heard. Everybody was pleased at last.

At 10:45, a bugle

blared out thru the night.

"First call?" remarked the sergeant, "that's queer. Colonel must have new orders. By the way, son, we have the advance tonight. See you later."

We pulled out into the gloom, and were soon plodding silently along thru a strange and unfriendly land. We camped at daybreak, and stayed until the following sun up, getting ourselves in shape for the work that was to come.



FIVE LONG WEARY DAYS

IV

We hiked for five long, weary days and nights. Hike all day and sleep at night if you can! Hike! Hike! How we hated the sound of it! Out at 4:30 every last morning and stumbling blindly along thru that Devil's back yard of a country!

Ye gods! What a land! Nothing but blistering, blinding, stifling heat, that forever danced between you and those God-forsaken, grey, tombstone-shaped hills that never got any nearer, but that were always with you.

"Curse that shadow!" howled Thomas. "There is that filthy, black carcass floating over us again! But you won't get me! I'll beat you out yet!"

"Ain't somebody got some water?" moaned Jackson. "Ain't no one ever heard of water in this place?"

No one answered; just plodded silently and wearily thru the sand.

"Then, by golly!" yelled the sufferer, "I'm going over and take that canteen away from that lizard over there. No, I ain't looney! All the animals out here carry 'em, same as we do, only theirs are full and ours aint. Say, lay off, you, I'm going to go—!"

A SHORT STOP IN THE DESERT

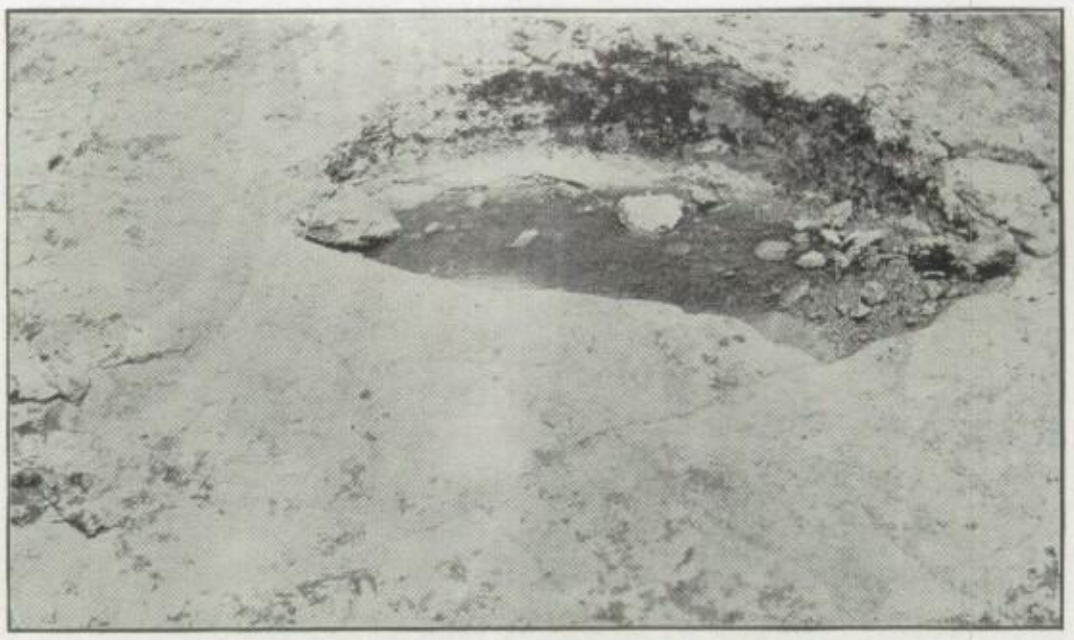
"Here!" said Trindle, "take this and see if it won't bring your dome back to normal. That'll do! Leave me a little!"

Pretty soon, however, we saw a patch of green 'way over on the horizon, and by night we pitched camp alongside a beautiful bit of running water. By Jove, that place surely looked like Heaven after those days of desert.

After mess the sergeant and I strolled out to get the lay of the land.

On either side of the stream were little ranches, with their fields of waving, rustling corn, which ran back to the mesquite-dotted hill slopes. Along the water's edge were four majestic cottonwoods whose lofty tops seemed to sweep the war clouds from the skies.

On one side of the water was one of those quaint conglomerations of mud, tin, stones, wood and brush called 'jackals,' that the Mexican and his family call home. The family pig sat on the door sill, gazing muddily at the rooster perched on the well curb. The thousand and one dogs about the place rushed out to bark at us, and rushed right back when we made a move at them.



A WATER HOLE IN THE DESERT

We went back to camp, and rolled into our "dog houses." The old earth didn't seem half so hard that night. The fellows sat about, singing and talking. Everybody was recovering his good nature.

V

"What the—!" I growled, "say, for the love of Mike, can't you let a fellow sleep? Shove off, will you? Let me alone!"

"Not so much noise, sergeant," said the captain's voice.

"Oh! Beg pardon, sir! As you were saying—?"

"The outposts have been driven in, and I want you to take a squad out and try a flank movement. Understand?"

"Yes, sir, I'll be ready in a minute." And with that I routed out the men named, assembled them and explained the case. After a word from the captain, we took leave. Of a sudden, as we neared the first break in the mesquite, a volley of shots burst forth.

VI

"Young man"—I was dimly conscious of hearing the surgeon's words—"your hours are numbered. If you have any statements, anything you wish to write?"

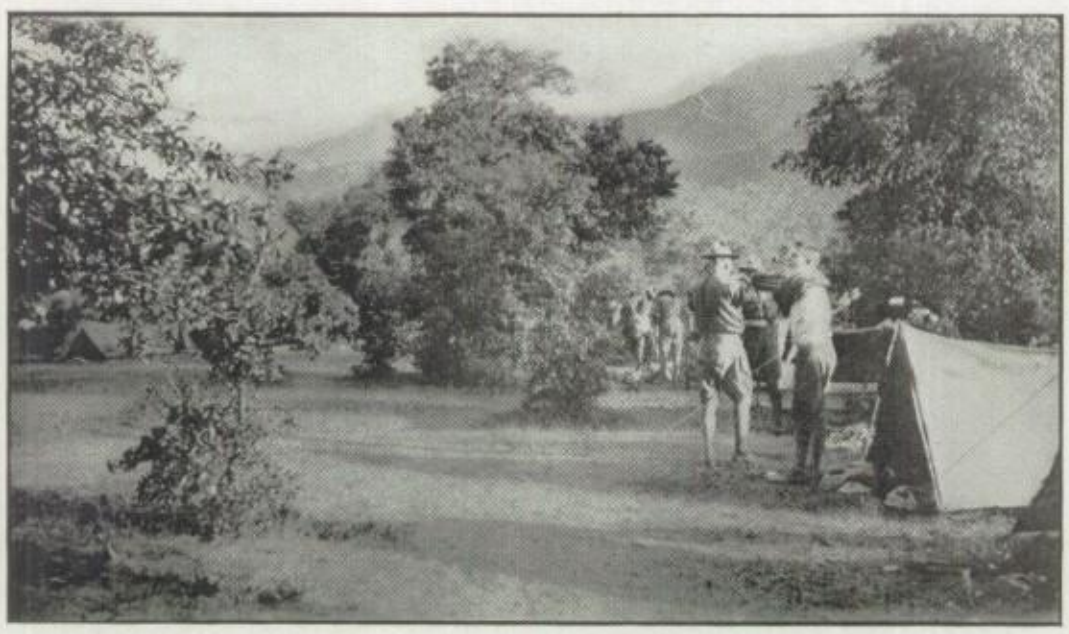
"Thanks, Doc"—I struggled to clear my vision—"I haven't a soul in the world who cares for me. I'm a lone bird, without a nest."

Then I seemed to see a spectre standing by the bed. "Hello, death," I said.

* * * "And, Doc, bury me alongside this stream, will you? Where it's calm and peaceful, you know? For God's sake, don't take me back across that Hell over there! Please, Doc, say you won't! Ah! Thanks!"

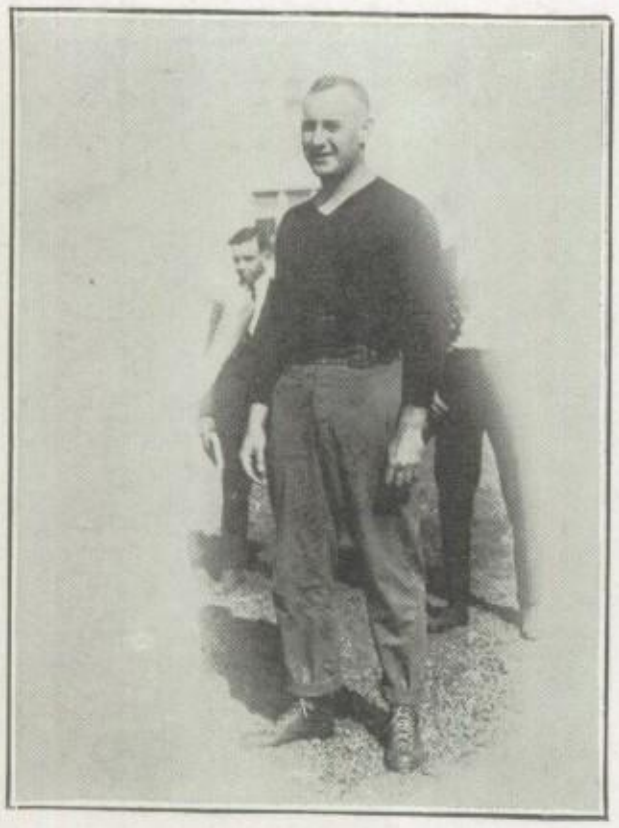
* * * "Yes, old boy, I'm ready. Give me your hand, and we'll toddle along. Say, how restful it seems to be with you, Death."

"So long, Doc, till we meet again."



A PEACEFUL PLACE AT LAST

SPORTS

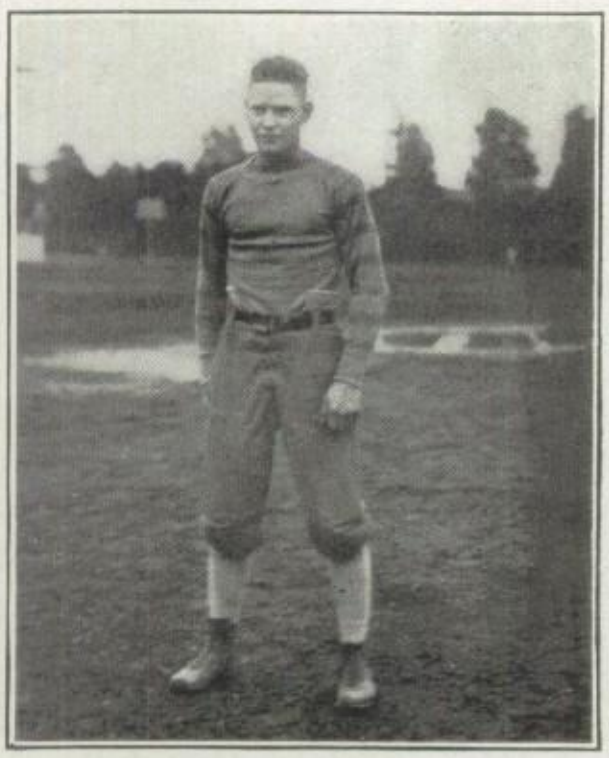


COACH HARRY TROTTER

Cheerful, happy and a friend of everybody he comes in contact with, and what is more, the best football coach in the south, is our bashful coach, Harry Trotter.

MANAGER RALPH WILSON

No one on the team has to work harder than does the manager of the football team. Ralph is no exception to the rule. He has led the team thru one of the most successful years financially in the history of Manual Arts.



"CAP" HAROLD GALLOWAY

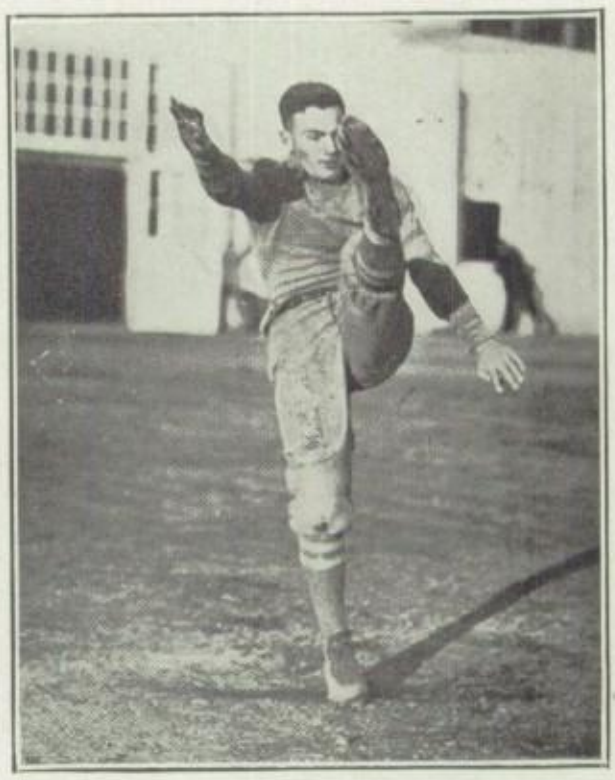
"Cap," quarterback and captain of the team, was laid up most of the season with injuries. Harold is one of the brainest quarters in the south but got no chance to show what he could do this season.

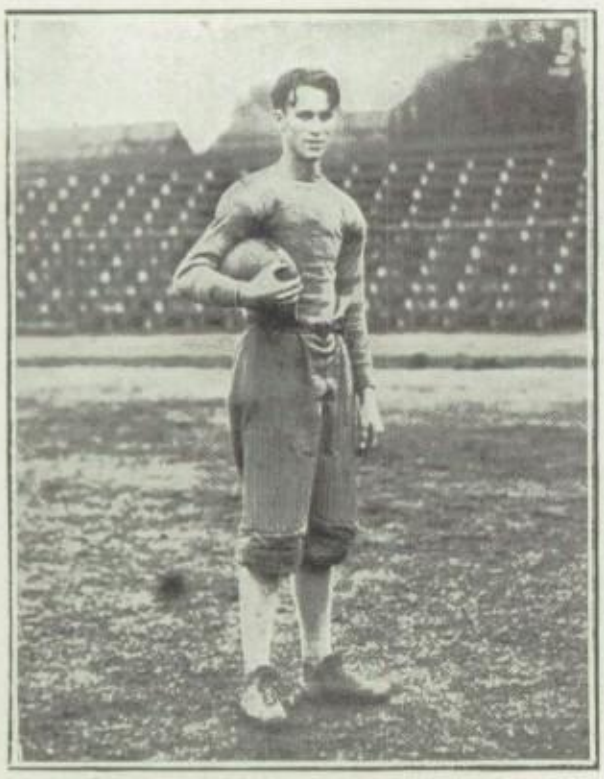
Age 19, Weight 130, Height 5 ft. 6 in.

JAMES BLEWETT

Jimmie Blewett, fullback, made a total of seventeen touchdowns during the season, and was the best ground gainer in the south. Without Jimmy, Manual would have been lost. His last year.

Age 18, Weight 160, Height 5 ft. 10 in.





JOHN LEADINGHAM

If ever there was a star found at Manual, that one is John Leadingham. Despite his weight he was one of the most consistent ground gainers of the season. He played left half.

Age 19, Weight 134, Height 5 ft. 11½ in.

SOLLY SMITH

Solly was our star right half. He is speedy and with a fair get-away is good for a touchdown. He has another year of football.

Age 18, Weight 152, Height 5 ft. 6 in.

BEDFORD GRIFFIN

Griffin in left half was a real "find." He has the speed and the smash that is necessary for a good back. He was a star tackler and ground gainer at all times.

Age 18, Weight 141, Height 5 ft. 10½ in.

WATSON BEGGS

Left end is the position held down by Beggs. He is fast and a hard tackler. This was his first year as a first team man and his last chance to make a letter.

Age 20, Weight 139, Height 5 ft. 9 in.

"CHUCK" MORGAN

Morgan took "Cap" Galloway's place in many games at quarter. He is a speedy signal caller and could get the team in action in short order. This is his first year in football.

Age 18, Weight 140, Height 5 ft. 8½ in.

EDGAR MARX BANDY

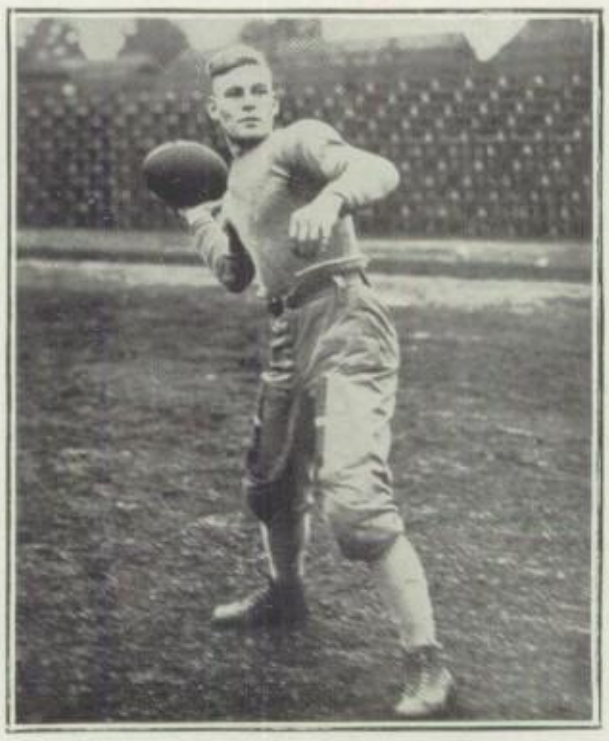
All-city center, and Irish. If there ever was a fighting center, Bandy is the one. Not once in the term was a play bad because of a bad pass from the center. This is his first year with the team.

Age 18, Weight 151, Height 5 ft. 9 in.

AMOR S. GALLOWAY

Amor was the quarterback in most of the games. He also played in the backfield, taking Jimmy Blewett's place in the San Diego game.

Age 17, Weight 144, Height 5 ft. 8 in.



"WALT" McMILLAN

Walter was chosen all-city right end and was considered for that position in the all-prep team. Walt is fast and sure. His forward pass work was of the highest order. He has made his second letter in football.

Age 17, Weight 134, Height 5 ft. 9in.

PHILIP REYNOLDS

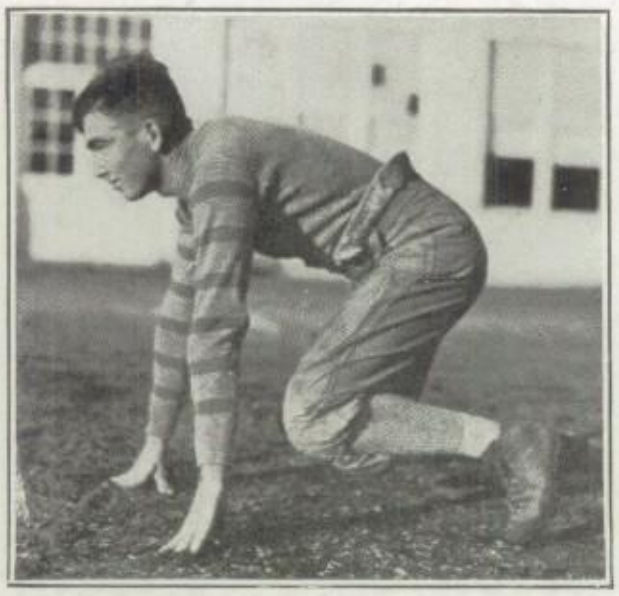
Phil played left end. He was in most of the important games of the season and earned his letter by hard, consistent work. Class of S'17.

Age 20, Weight 143, Height 5 ft. 10 in.

EMIL OSTLER

Emil played right guard so that the enemy always knew it. As a line plugger he was a wonder.

Age 19, Weight 190, Height 5 ft. 10½ in.



KENNETH BROCKMAN

"Brock" was chosen for all-city right tackle. He and Toney were the backbone of the line. When not engaged in making holes in the line he kicked goals. It is Kenneth's second and last year on the team.

Age 19, Weight 181, Height 6 ft.

VAUGHN VAN WYE

Van Wye at right half played a steady, consistent game. He helped to swell the score against Pasadena by a touchdown. This is Vaughn's last year a Manual.

Age 18, Weight 141, Height 5 ft. 8 in.

HENRY HILLOCK

"Hen" played end on the team. An injury received during the first game of the season kept him out of most of the games. "Hen" is quick and runs good interference.

Age 19, Weight 139, Height 5ft. 9 in.

CHARLES TONEY

Charles was the choice for all-city and all-southern left tackle. For line work Toney is without equal. He is a hard tackler and has speed. This is his last football year.

Age 20, Weight 158, Height 5 ft. 10¾ in.

"CHICK" KEELER

"Chick" played right guard. He has grit and sticks as long as he can stand up.

Age 19, Weight 135, Height 5 ft. 9 in.

EMIL WILLENBERG

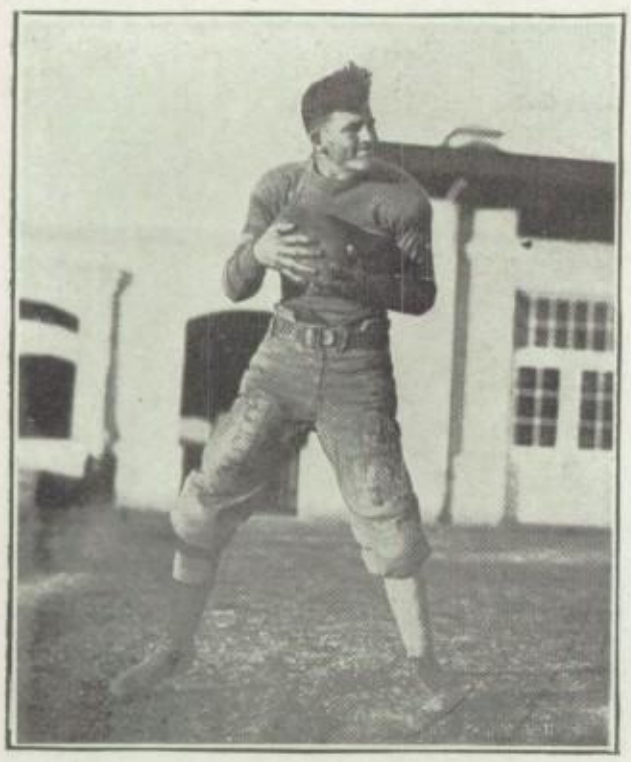
Emil proved a real surprise in his left guard position. He was "as hard as rocks," a good tackler and a hard fighter. He should be a leader next year.

Age 17, Weight 156, Height 6 ft.

JEROME SCHILLING

Jerome was a strong man for the position of right guard. On defensive he held like a rock. This is his last year at Manual.

Age 19, Weight 163, Height 5 ft. 11½ in.



CHARLES ERB

Charlie played left end and made the all-city team. He is terror to opponents when it comes to forward passes. Charlie is a born football player. Class of S'18.

Age 18, Weight 145, Height 5 ft. 9 in.

BASKETBALL

The basketball series each year consists of two games each with Hollywood, Polytechnic, Los Angeles, and Lincoln high schools. As this necessitates the playing of two games a week the interest of the basket-ball fans are kept continually at a high pitch.

The members of the team are Captain, Kenneth Brockman, Harold Galloway, Amor Galloway, E. Alling, Don Fether, Kirk Johnson, Howard Chamberlain, Ray Wright, Paul Singebush. The manager is Charlie Erb. Many others with team aspirations have been practicing diligently, for a month, under Coach Shepherd.

The delay making up the basketball team was ocassioned by the activity of several good players in football. Excellent playing in the early games indicate that Manual would be one of the leaders in the race for the city championship.

THE 1916 FOOTBALL SEASON

The heart of the football fan was glad when the 1916 season opened and in answer to the call to practice, issued on the first day of school, over one hundred men appeared on the field ready to work their "heads off." Six first team men of the preceding season gave zest to the practice and aroused hope and enthusiasm for victories in a brilliant season of sport.

COACHES

Manual has been particularly fortunate this term in having a coaching force of five such efficient men as Messrs. Ligda, Trotter, Craig, Benshimol and Beswick. These men have worked early and late and with untiring effort to give Manual the championship team which she turned out.

When the season opened, a method of handling the large number of recruits was instituted which did away with the confusion of former years. This method, however, was only possible because of the number of coaches. The recruits were divided into squads and these squads were under the supervision of one coach, who specialized in one phase of the game until they were proficient enough to go to another coach who taught them another phase.

To Head Coach Harry Trotter is due the credit for the system and indeed for the numerous victories which have come to Manual this year. He is always ready, always willing to help, and a friend of every man on the team and off. One who can have that said of him is indeed a prince of good fellows.

The work of Mr. Victor Ligda, head of the Physical Training Department, was most important for his watchful care of the physical condition of the boys is what kept them fit to enter the games.

Mr. W. S. Craig was a valuable man on the coaching staff for he has been as close a student of the American game as can be found. His knowledge was indispensable to the men and he is responsible for their thorough knowledge of the game.

Mr. A. L. Benshimol not only taught French but gave all of his spare time to the football boys. After the season was started it was Mr. Benshimol that gave the lighter boys the training in the 125 pound team that will give Manual good football material in later years. Mr. Benshimol deserves great credit for so willingly giving his time for results that may only be evident later.

To Mr. J. C. Beswick the boys are especially grateful for valuable aid in helping them gain approved form. Between halves in the games, it was often Mr. Beswick's words which brot added determination to win.

The experienced men of the coaching staff have helped Manual and her team to reach some of the high places in effectiveness and achievement in the world of interscholastic sports.

SAN DIEGO GAME

Our football heroes started the season early, if a little discouragingly, when they journeyed to San Diego on September 30th and were beaten by the Southerners by the score of 6 to 3.

Manual's only score came in the first quarter when Captain Harold Galloway placed a drop kick from the field between the goal posts. The fourth quarter grew exciting during the last few minutes of play. It was at this time that San Diego, after recovering a blocked kick and scooping up a Manual fumble, managed to cross the line for a touchdown. They failed to kick goal, so the score remained 6 to 3 in San Diego's favor.

While not important as a game, this fracas with San Diego successfully tied the bonds of friendship between our school and the Southern institution and paved the way for further contests, both in brain and brawn.

San Diego literally had their city aflutter for our boys. After the game both players and the sixty or seventy Manual rooters—who, by the way, made more noise than all of San Diego's five hundred supporters—were treated to a banquet, an entertainment and a dance.

The only disagreeable feature of the game, aside from the score, was the disabling of Henry Hillock, which occurred in the third quarter. Henry had his leg severely wrenched and, as a consequence, was on crutches for many weeks following the game.

SAINT VINCENT GAME

Manual's first chance to see her team in action came on October 18th, at which time the far reputed Saint Vincent team came to Manual to receive the short end of a 29 to 0 score. There is only one reason for Saint Vincents' defeat: Manual's team had learned to play football since the San Diego game. There is not the least doubt that our boys had improved at least two hundred per cent since our first game. The game, altho a practice one, allowed our rooters to get a line on the team, and as a result, enthusiasm over a possible championship rose high.

Altho no score was made in the first quarter, we had the ball in our opponents' territory most of the time. Early in the second quarter our stone wall line made a breech in our opponents' fence and thru this went Griffin for our first touchdown. Our line again showed its force when it broke thru the college line and blocked a kick, forcing the ball over the line for a safety. Manual completed several forward passes and many line bucks. These gave us another touchdown before the halfway mark was passed. The second half was a slaughter of the innocents. Line bucks, end runs and forward passes were all used and all were successful. Mention must be made of the starring of Griffin, Blewett, Solly Smith and Toney; in fact the team was a veritable milky way if stars are to be counted. The game ended in the same whirlwind fashion that it started and with a final score of 29 to 0. Harold Galloway, Griffin, Beggs and Blewett were responsible for our score.

LONG BEACH GAME

The second victory for Manual Arts was won at Long Beach on October twenty-first by a score of 21 to 0. The teams seemed evenly matched. A bit of excitement was caused just after Amor Galloway had made our first score, when the Long Beach team succeeded in rushing our men down the field for sixty yards.

At the opening of the second quarter the ball was fifty yards from the goal. In a few moments but four yards separated them. A forward pass, Harold Galloway to Erb, put the second score across. Harold kicked goal. With the kick-off he took the ball down the field for forty yards. From this point on, the lines were pounded fiercely, swaying back and forth with only temporary advantage to either side. The third quarter brot no advance in score. In the fourth, however, short line bucks took the ball to the ten-yard line, and a neat forward pass, Blewett to Erb, netted the final score. Goal was kicked, which fixed the points at 21 to 0.

In the positions of captain and quarter-back, Harold Galloway directed the team with great skill. In individual plays he was a regular tornado. This was Harold's last game for Manual. A twisted ankle has prevented further playing this year. Others who deserve particular mention are Amor Galloway, Jimmie Blewett and Charlie Erb. Erb demonstrated the value of the forward pass by his excellent receiving of the ball. Jimmie's line plunging was of the usual steam-roller type and was a big factor in the victory.

HOLLYWOOD GAME

A game which taxed the minds of the rooters to keep up with the rapidly advancing score and which culminated in a score of 55 to 0 in favor of Manual, was the Hollywood-Manual game of November third. It was the largest score ever rolled up in a city league game, but the Hollywood lads took it with their usual spirit, a spirit of pluck and good will that means more to an institution than winning teams. The first score came when the past-master of forward passes, Charlie Erb, received a pass from Jimmie Blewett and went over the line. This score so early in the game evidently frightened the Crimson players for almost every first down following this they punted. It did little good, however, for our three bucks per down and an occasional punt steadily pushed the line toward their goal. Jimmie Blewett made the next touchdown and the first quarter ended with 12 to 0.

In the next fifteen minutes of play ten more points were rolled up, Jimmie making a touchdown and dropping over a field goal. In the third quarter almost the entire second team was sent into the game. They added twenty points to the score. In this quarter lean Johnny Leadingham demonstrated the ten and twenty yard gain idea. In the last quarter thirteen points were gained. Amor Galloway, who played quarter for his brother Harold, made one of the touchdowns.

The team gained new assurance by the steady and reliable work of Solly Smith and Johnny Leadingham in covering ground. Jimmie Blewett was the line star, making six of the eight touchdowns.

LINCOLN GAME

With visions of the Hollywood score still fresh in their memory our boys met the Lincoln eleven on our field November ninth, but to the surprise of all only a score of 36 to 0 was made. Two events of interest occurred in the first quarter. The first, when Solly Smith dashed fifty yards around left end and scored the first touchdown. The other was the old stand-by of Blewett to Erb for a thirty-yard forward pass. On the first play of the second quarter Griffin bucked over the line for six points. Lincoln received the kick-off and one trick play gained thirty yards. A blocked Lincoln kick gave the ball to Manual and Jimmie dropped the ball over from the thirty-five-yard line. Jimmie and Solly made the two touchdowns in the third quarter, Solly running thirty-five yards. Things grew quite interesting in the final period when Evans of Lincoln tore down the field for sixty yards before downed from behind by Solly. A Lincoln forward pass was intercepted behind the goal and this gave Jimmie a chance to punt out of danger. Solly Smith, Jimmie Blewett and Amor Galloway starred in the back field, while Toney, Brockman, Keeler and Erb were much in evidence in the line.

POLYTECHNIC GAME

With the memory of defeat a year ago by the Polytechnic team in mind and with the Manual spirit of never-say-die welling within them, it is no wonder that our Purple and Gray fighters defeated Poly 28 to 0 on November seventeenth on the Fiesta Park gridiron. The Poly team had gone into the game with more than an even chance of winning, according to the dopesters, but they came out not only beaten but whitewashed. As evidence, Poly only made her downs three times during the game. Out of twenty attempted forward passes, sixteen of which came in the fourth quarter, only two were completed. Five were intercepted and thirteen were incomplete. The Manual line was like a stone wall. The result was inevitable. It was a simple pastime for our fellows to break the line of Blue and Gold.

Enthusiasm for the game ran high days before the fray and on the day of the game fully eight thousand spectators were on hand to witness it. The cheering and singing of Manual surpassed anything that she had ever done before. Poly's rooters showed a spirit of gameness that was noticeable.

Our boys started the game by rushing the ball to the Poly ten-yard line but a number of penalties prevented any score. Again the ball was taken to the ten-yard line but this time a fumble lost us the chance for a goal. The third time, however, the old bad-luck breaker combination of Blewett and Erb turned the tide. The forward pass to Erb was across the goal line and our first points were made. Nothing more in the way of touchdowns came during the first half. With the third quarter, tho, things grew more exciting. Poly kicked off to Blewett on our fifteen-yard line. Three line plunges for small gains, and then Jimmie punted to Poly's thirty-yard line. Here the game swayed until Jimmie dropped the ball over from the thirty-five-yard line for three points. Straight,

hard football took the ball to the line, where Blewett went over for a touchdown. He failed to convert. The fourth quarter started on the Blue and Gold fifteen-yard line and two minutes later Johnny Leadingham was over the line for six more points. Poly received the kick-off and from this time on played a "three forward passes and a punt" game. Johnny Leadingham intercepted a Poly pass and ran thirty yards for the final score. The goal was not kicked.

Jimmie Blewett was the sun, moon and star in the game, but there were others. Leadingham was "right there" all of the time, as was Griffin. Amor Galloway and "Chuck" Morgan were the two quarters used. The stonewall line was composed of Toney and Brockman, with Bandy for keystone, guards Keeler and Willenburg with Ostler on deck, and ends, McMillan and Erb.

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN MANUAL—POLY GAME

	FIRST QUARTER		SECOND QUARTER		THIRD QUARTER		FOURTH QUARTER		TOTAL	
	M.	A.—POLY	M.	A.—POLY	M.	A.—POLY	M.	A.—POLY	M.	A.—POLY
Touchdowns	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	0	4	0
Goals	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0
Place kicks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Drop kicks	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
Safeties	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total in points	0	0	6	0	9	0	13	0	28	0
HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE										
Around ends	60	2	15	2	7	0	14	17	96	21
Off tackle	12	1	6	8	25	1	7	0	50	10
Off guard	4	7	5	7	0	7	0	0	9	21
Through center	7	13	29	9	72	4	19	0	127	26
Forward pass	0	0	5	0	0	0	0	15	5	15
Run back kick-off	0	5	0	25	5	25	0	34	5	89
Run back punt	60	0	0	0	0	10	15	10	75	20
Runs after interception	0	0	10	0	0	0	45	0	55	0
Yards on punts	15	15	90	84	50	65	50	75	205	239
Total	158	43	160	135	159	112	150	151	527	441
FORWARD PASSES										
Attempted	3	1	1	3	2	0	0	16	6	20
Completed	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	2	1	2
Incomplete	3	1	0	2	2	0	0	14	5	13
Intercepted by	0	0	1	1	0	0	4	0	5	1
FUMBLES										
Recovered	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1
Lost	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	2	1
Penalties in yards	20	0	30	0	0	0	0	10	50	10
Number punts	1	1	3	4	1	2	2	4	7	11

Punting average: Manual—29 yards; Poly—22 yards.
Kick-off average: Manual—43 yards; Poly—40 yards.

L. A. GAME

When Manual met the L. A. High squad at Fiesta Park on November twenty-fourth she clinched her claims to the city title by a score of 33 to 0. The city championship, however, had practically been decided in Manual's favor by her victory over Polytechnic the week before.

The game, altho hard fought, was never in doubt nor did the expected "class" of the L. A. men appear. The beauty of the game was marred by fumbling on both sides, and slow playing. Only one touchdown was made in the first half. Jimmie Blewett made this on a four-yard buck. Two points were scored for Manual by an L. A. player when he carried the ball back of his own line. Solly Smith ran forty yards for the next touchdown and Jimmie Blewett kicked a drop from the thirty-yard line for the next score. Jimmie also made the next two touchdowns and kicked both goals.

The star of the L. A. team was Captain Brooks. He handled his men with great skill, so marked, that he was chosen for all-city quarterback.

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN MANUAL–L. A. GAME

	FIRST QUARTER		SECOND QUARTER		THIRD QUARTER		FOURTH QUARTER		TOTAL	
	M. A.	L. A.	M. A.	L. A.	M. A.	L. A.	M. A.	L. A.	M. A.	L. A.
Touchdowns	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	4	0
Goals	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	4	0
Place kicks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Safeties	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0
Total in points	7	0	0	0	9	0	17	0	33	0
HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE										
Around ends	2	14	46	25	48	5	11	23	107	67
Off tackle	21	0	10	7	14	1	0	0	45	8
Off guard	4	1	1	5	10	5	0	0	15	11
Through center	41	20	7	8	31	2	6	11	85	41
Forward pass	22	0	0	0	13	0	20	13	55	13
Run back kick-off	25	0	0	0	10	0	30	10	65	10
Run back punt	0	20	0	0	7	25	0	2	7	47
Runs after interception	10	0	0	0	0	0	85	0	95	0
Yards on punts	56	61	45	53	39	48	74	0	214	162
Total	181	116	109	98	172	86	226	59	688	358
FORWARD PASSES										
Attempted	3	2	2	0	3	2	1	5	9	9
Completed	2	0	0	0	1	0	1	2	4	2
Incomplete	1	0	2	0	1	0	0	1	5	2
Intercepted by	2	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	5	0
FUMBLES										
Recovered	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	0
Lost	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	3	2
Penalties in yards	15	0	0	5	5	5	5	5	25	15
Number punts	3	2	1	2	2	2	3	1	9	7
First downs	4	1	2	1	1	0	0	3	7	5

Punting average: Manual—24 yards; L. A.—27 yards.
Kick-off average: Manual—43 yards; L. A.—40 yards.

PASADENA GAME

With the City Football Championship safely in her possession, Manual turned her attention to the next goal in view, the Southern California Championship. There were other schools who had similar designs, tho, and so on December eighth our boys lined up with the Pasadena squad in the first elimination contest of the series.

The game was hard fought on the part of the Pasadena players, but our team was easily able to hold against any onslaught, and on the offensive tore great holes in the Crimson line at will. Manual excelled in all features of the game and it was quite a shock to the Pasadena players to have to take the defensive against a team which they had so easily defeated the year before.

Manual worked her way across the Pasadena goal line six times during the game, while Pasadena was able to cross our line only once, and then because of the advantage of a fifteen-yard penalty against Manual. This penalty took them to our three-yard line where they managed to smash thru for a touchdown. This took place in the second quarter. At no other time during the game, however, were the visitors close enough to cause us much anxiety. Manual made two touchdowns in the first quarter, one in the second, and three in the last quarter.

The first touchdown was made by Solly Smith when he bucked thru the line from the five-yard line for a touchdown. The two next tallies came from completed forward passes, one to McMillan and one to Van Wye. Jimmie Blewett was responsible for the next three scores. He kicked all of the six goals.

Great credit is due Pasadena for the manner in which she turned out and supported her team. In spite of the heavy defeat her yelling was hearty and full of spirit. Pasadena was there with her band and we heard some remarkably fine music from it.

The final score of the game was 42 to 7, Pasadena being the first team to score on us in a league game. Some consolation!

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN M. A.—PASADENA GAME

	FIRST QUARTER		SECOND QUARTER		THIRD QUARTER		FOURTH QUARTER		TOTAL	
	M.	A.—P.	M.	A.—P.	M.	A.—P.	M.	A.—P.	M.	A.—P.
Touchdowns	2	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	6	1
Goals	2	0	1	1	0	0	3	0	6	1
Total in points		14	0	7	7	0	21	0	42	7
HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE										
Around ends	6	6	26	44	2	30	44	44	78	80
Off tackle	22	8	4	11	32	9	44	0	102	28
Off guard	4	4	4	2	0	8	7	0	15	14
Through center	3	5	26	10	8	3	44	0	81	18
Forward pass	32	20	38	0	39	3	0	0	109	23
Run back kick-off	22	15	38	20	0	19	0	20	60	74
Run back punt	0	0	32	0	19	0	60	0	111	0
Total	89	58	168	87	100	72	199	64	556	237
Fumbles lost	0	1	0	1	2	0	0	0	2	2
Penalties in yards	20	0	10	0	0	0	0	0	30	0
First downs	5	3	5	2	3	3	9	0	22	8

Punting average: Manual Arts--36; Pasadena--25.
Kick-off average: Manual Arts--36; Pasadena--25.

FULLERTON GAME

On the afternoon of December sixteenth Manual Arts, the champions in football in both the City and County, defeated the champions of the Citrus Belt, Fullerton, at Washington Park in the semi-final game of the Southern California Championship Series. In this game was seen some of the best and some of the worst playing of the season. Manual rolled up a score of 53 to 0.

The first half of the game was quite worth while, the Fullerton lads being on the offensive most of the time and getting within striking distance of our goal twice, only to become so rattled that they failed to use their winning plays. Manual, on the other hand, had to fight hard for most of her gains. If it had not been for the fleet feet of Solly Smith we would probably not have scored in the first half. He was the sensation of the day. Solly caught the first kick-off and ran seventy-five yards through the entire Fullerton team and scored a touchdown. This was only a start, for he made five other touchdowns during the afternoon. His second touchdown was a fifteen-yard circle around right end after Manual had been forced to her own four-yard line and had battled her way back to Fullerton territory. Smith scored twice in the third quarter, running twenty yards for the third, and bucking six yards for the fourth touchdown. In the fourth quarter he ran back a punt fifty yards for a touchdown and ended his afternoon's work with a forty-yard run thru the Fullerton line for a touchdown.

Coach Trotter sent in an entire "sub" team at this time, with Amor Galloway acting as captain. Amor promptly caught the kick-off and ran ninety yards for a touchdown. The new team easily rushed the tired visitors down the field and a few minutes later Amor Galloway received a forward pass and ran ten yards for the final touchdown.

Fullerton, altho easily rattled when a touchdown seemed imminent, played a strong game. They had an abundance of good plays which worked when they were in the middle of the field, but in close quarters they seemed to forget them, disaster resulting.

Fullerton had two stars, Captain Leland Smith and H. Smith (colored), who, in spite of his lack of weight, broke through the line and made two long end runs of sixty yards each. Once H. Smith had the whole Manual team behind him, but Solly of the fleet feet caught up to him and dumped him on our ten yard line, thus saving a goose-egg for Fullerton. On the whole it was one of the most unusual games Manual has played.

SECOND SAN DIEGO GAME

It was with high hopes for a Manual victory and the knowledge that they would at least see a fine game of football that some six thousand rooters went to Washington Park on December twentieth to witness the second Manual-San Diego game. Not alone were the Manual rooters anxious to see the game because it involved the only team which had won from Manual during the season, but more so because this game decided the Southern California Championship. The spectators were

treated to a good game but saw a Manual defeat, San Diego winning by a 9 to 0 score.

With Jimmie Blewett out most of the game, "Cap" Galloway far from being in form, and with almost every man nursing some kind of an injury it was anything but the game it should have been. Even had our team been up to par it must be admitted that the San Diego boys played a far superior brand of football to any which Manual had ever before opposed. San Diego came on the field with their entire team in the pink of condition and they played a game that showed that theirs was a team of stars. Their brilliant playing brot out the best that was in our boys. While San Diego undoubtedly was the stronger around end and in the backfield, our line held with rigid tenacity and the gains were for the most part around end or on more open plays.

Manual was within striking distant of the goal twice but for some reason, one reason being "Red" Muller of San Diego, we failed at the critical moment. The first chance came after five minutes play in the second half. Manual had the ball upon their opponent's ten-yard line as the fourth down was being called. It was here that the fast Exposition City end got thru the line and tackled Solly Smith before he could get started. The last minute of play also saw Manual in close proximity to the Southerners' ten-yard line.

San Diego's nine points came from a place kick and a touchdown. Neither side scored in the first half but with the third quarter San Diego came with a burst of speed that took them to Manual's eighteen-yard line. In order to be sure of a game that would end in their favor the careful San Diego captain ordered a place kick which was successful, bringing the score to 3 to 0 in San Diego's favor. Their touchdown came early in the fourth period when Eels of San Diego got thru right guard and ran thirty-two yards for a touchdown. The goal was not kicked and the score stood 9 to 0.

The San Diego team was the first team which Manual had met that was at all equal or superior to her and the opportunity to play such a team was an opportunity which we were glad to take. It was evident that the football fans of the city realized this fact for a crowd of six thousand was on hand to witness the conflict. A different tale might be told if Jimmie Blewett had been in his usual form. True, he did play a few minutes of the game, but his injured side kept him from carrying the ball. He finally collapsed on the field of battle, unable to stand the terrific pain. Jimmie had been the leader of the team while Galloway was on the injured list, and without either, except for short periods, Manual was without an effective scoring machine.

TABLE OF LOSSES AND GAINS IN SECOND MANUAL—SAN SAN DIEGO GAME

	FIRST QUARTER		SECOND QUARTER		THIRD QUARTER		FOURTH QUARTER		TOTAL	
	M. A.—	S. D.	M. A.—	S. D.	M. A.—	S. D.	M. A.—	S. D.	M. A.—	S. D.
Touchdowns	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Goals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Field goals	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Total in points	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	6	0	9
HOW THE YARDS WERE MADE										
Around end	0	18	4	13	26	3	28	29	58	63
Off tackle	17	8	26	5	28	21	0	15	71	49
Off guard	1	10	15	2	25	12	3	58	44	82
Thropgh center	4	2	10	12	6	4	4	10	24	28
Forward pass	30	0	0	0	5	0	16	0	51	0
Run back kick-off	15	0	0	0	25	8	20	14	60	8
Run back punt	0	2	32	15	22	0	14	6	68	23
Total	67	40	87	47	187	48	85	132	376	253
Fumbles lost 0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	1	3	1
Fumbles recovered	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	1
Penalties in yards	0	25	15	5	15	0	0	45	30	75
First downs	5	1	4	1	4	2	3	2	16	6

Punting average: Manual Arts--24; San Diego--28.
Kick-off average: Manual Arts--35; San Diego--40.

DOPE ON MANUAL TEAM

Player	Yrs.	Hgt.	Wgt.	A
Solly Smith	1	5– 6	152	18
James Blewett	3	5–10	160	18
Edgar Marx Bandy	1	5–10⅔	160	18
Russell Bassett	1	5–11	165	17
Kenneth Brockman	2	6	181	19
Robert Cole	1	5– 9½	143	14
Charles Erb	1	5– 9	145	18
Robert Etie	1	5– 9	154	17
Amor Galloway	2	5– 8	144	17
Harold Galloway	3	5– 6½	130	19
Henry Hillock	2	5– 9	139	19
Drew Keeler	1	5– 9	135	19
John Leadingham	1	5–11½	134	19
Lester Leadingham	1	5–11	150	17
Charles Morgan	1	5– 8½	140	18
Walter McMillan	2	5– 9	134	17
Emil Ostler	1	5–10½	190	18
Archie Robinson	1	5– 8	140	16
Philip Reynolds	1	5–10	143	20
Charles Toney	2	5–10¾	158	18
Emil Willenburg	1	6	156	17
Jerome Shilling	1	5–11½	163	19
Vaughn Van Wye	1	5– 8	141	18
Bedford Griffen	2	5–10½	141	18
Watson Beggs	1	6	149	18
Errol Redd	1	5– 8	152	16
Average of team	1⅓	5– 9	149	17¾

Exchanges

EL RECUERDO, Huntington Park H. S. Our most attractive exchange. The spirit of the school is evident in this publication.

ARIEL, Santa Ana H. S. A very well printed book, but it is our opinion that too much of the book was given over to stories and essays, much of the pep and snap being lost that way.

MONROVIAN, Monrovia H. S. Your artists are of a minus quantity and quality, tho your write-ups are terse and to the point.

THE STYLUS. Glendale H. S. An effective, tho not original, style carried thruout which makes an even, well balanced book.

THE ORANGE BLOSSOM, San Fernando H. S. Quality, not quantity, tho you do as many schools, have poor illustrations. Your pictures are good, but do not reproduce well on the tinted paper.

THE SUMMARY, Los Nietos H. S. The sketch, "San Gabriel," lends a certain beauty and dignity to the book, tho it cannot overcome the "ragged" effects of the attempted "comedy" illustrations. Better that these cuts were left out, as they overshadow the good points.

ORANGE AND BLACK, Lincoln H. S. Another example of a definite style carried thruout the book.

TAHQUITZ, Hemet H. S. Poor drawings. Why not give your advertisers a fair chance and run jokes mixed with them. It means more ads, which means more money, which in turn means a larger, more elaborate book.

EL SOLANO, Santa Paula H. S. Rather abrupt and disconnected in the beginning; balanced farther on.

ORANGE AND BLACK, Coalinga H. S. "Tam O'Shanter up to Date" an ingenious piece of work. Evidently necessity was mother of invention in regard to your pictures, but the mounted prints lend a distinct tone to the book.

THE TYRO, San Bernardino H. S. Good stories.

THE FLAME, Fremont Oakland H. S. An excellent illustrated josh section.

CARDINAL AND GOLD, Oxnard H. S. Variety is the spice of life. Evidently this was not kept in mind when the story section was planned as the "tales" are all on the same order.

BLUE AND WHITE, Los Angeles H. S. The prevailing subject in illustrations is the "animal element," and tho it is very decorative, we cannot see where it blends with the rest of the book, tho it is a rather distinguishing feature. You are fortunate in having Karpe with his orginal ideas in sketching.

THE ITEM, Pasadena H. S. A picture book from start to finish. Both quantity and quality. It is a sad thing, tho, from the financial side, not to be able to secure ads for the book to help pay expenses because of a Merchant's and Manufacturer's Association.

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Volume 3, 1915.
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Volume 4, 1916.
Editor, Margaret Shedd.
Associate, Morrison Stewart.

Volume 5, 1916.
Editor, Joe Eccleston.
Associate, Eugenia Van Bergen.

A Soldier of Fortune

By M. Trever Bledsoe

I've followed far my guiding star,
    I've sailed the Spanish Main,
I've fought with gun and called it fun,
    And suffered woe and pain.
I've fought the Mex. in dear old Tex.
    And marched in rain and shine;
A restless life of war and strife
    Has been this life of mine.

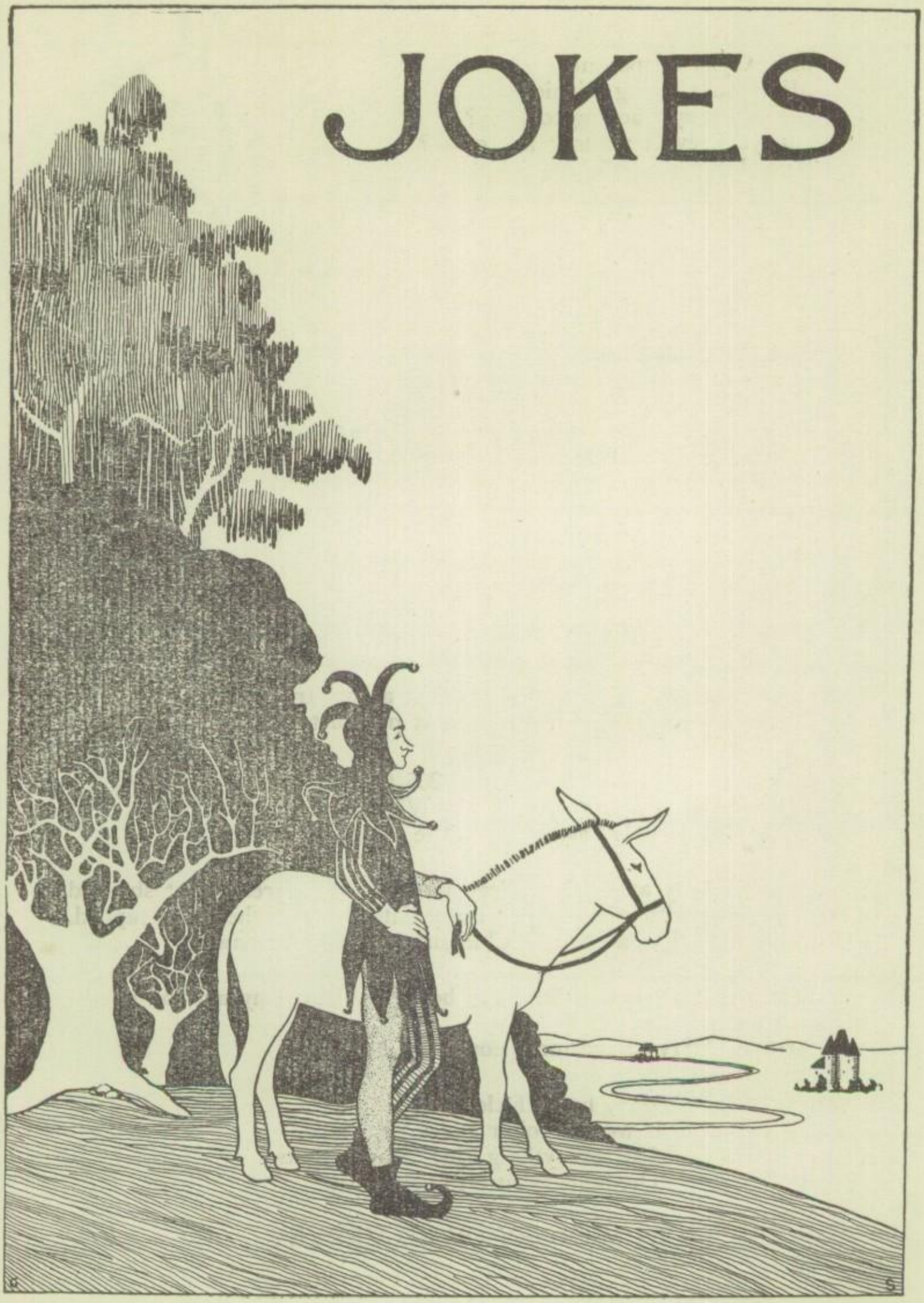
II

I've sought the gnu and kangaroo,
    I've braved the wild Soudan;
I've found the lair of Polar bear,
    Shunning the haunts of man.
I've trapped the fox among the rocks,
    And camped beneath the pine—
Oh, a jolly round of the hunting ground
    Has been this life of mine!

III

The canyon grand, the desert sand,
    The jungles 'cross the sea,
Are in my hand,—I played the part
    That God bequeathed to me.
I drank my full from out the rill
    Of Nature's blood-red wine:
Now comes the knell to bid farewell
    To his old life of mine.

JOKES



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Miss Oyler chaperoned?
Miss Jones eating wienies?
Mr. Greenup teaching cooking?
Gladys Prewitt without her smile?
Kirk Johnson without a joke?
Mr. Quintin on a coffee jag?
Ed. Hervey quiet?
Jack Soister angry?
Mrs. Colver not busy?
Mr. Nilsson in a hurry?
Mr. Ligda without his voice?
Miss Woodbury stern?
Lena Canatella without a question?
Mr. Ohlsson in a Ford?
Minnie McKnerney talking with the boys?
Miss Dole very meek?
Mr. Fonda not friendly?
Dr. Wilson not on duty?
Those tardy on time?
Mr. Hansen without Artisan worries?
The Artisan stenogs. without work?

(N. B.—They never work).

Cicero teacher (to pupil): "Is that a free translation, Mary?"
Mary: "I should say not! It cost me thirty-five cents.'

Mrs. Farnum stalked into Room 265 the day after the election.
"There goes Eva Crane," said the Wise One loftily.
"Was she elected?" asked the Little Scrub, innocently.

A young lady attending college wrote to her parents that she had fallen in love with ping-pong. Immediately her father telegraphed, "Give him up! I won't have a Chinaman for a son-in-law!"

Minister (talking to a bunch of boys): "Boys, my mission is saving a whole lot of boys."
Arthur Duffy:"Save me a couple, old top."

Mary had a little lamb,
It wore a collar and a tie,
And everything that Mary wants,
The lamb is sure to buy.—Ex.

IN MEMORY OF ED HERVEY

He loves its constant murmur,
He loves its ceaseless flow,
He loves to wind up his mouth,
And listen to it go.

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Mr. Wagner (before closing school for the holidays): "Now I hope you will all have a pleasant vacation and come back with plenty of brains."

The Class (in unison): "The same to you, Mr. Wagner."

"Pa, ma told me to tell you the cat ate all the salad she made for you."

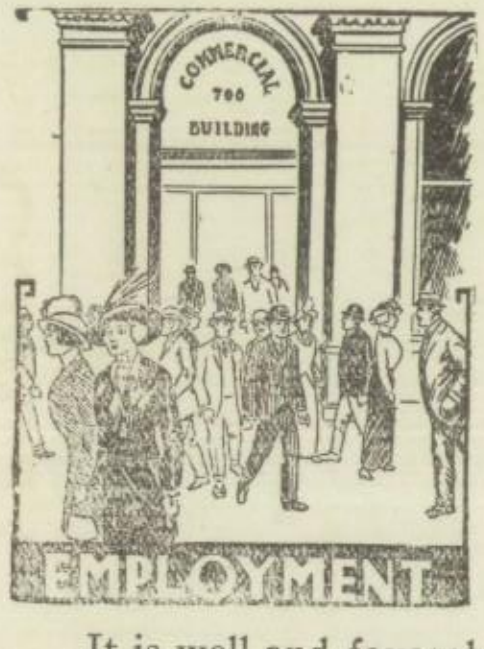
"The poor thing. But don't cry, I'll get you another."

Thelma Rhodes (in art class): "I want a nickel back."

Kenneth Haun: "What you want is a half-back."

Dorothy Thickett: "What makes your hair stick down so close, Herbert?"

Herbert Thicket (absentmindedly): "Oh, I use wood glue—" and then he saw light.



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Earle Marsh: "I stand for a short life and a merry one."
Miss Sinclair: "Please return this before lending it to anyone else."
Ed. Hervey: "Let's shake hands."
Madeline Alexander: "Just like a million dollars."
Lucile Tyner: "Have you seen Vera?"
Vera Smyth: "Anyone here seen Lucile?"
Miss Oyler: "The boys are all dears."
Lena Canatella: "If you elect me." or "I wish to move."
Mr. White: "Don't be a sissy."
Marguerite Diggs: "Do you know any new jokes?"
Lawrence Hallock: "Yes, yes, go on."
Miss Gephart: "What's up now—broke your neck or lost your locker key?"
Lila Laffller: "Now be good."
Mrs. Colver: "See me next week; I'm busy."
Zelah Jordan: "George spoke to me."
Monette Steel: "Absolutely, positively, O. K."
Mortimer Kline: "And show a lot of pep."
Ralph Wilson: "All together now, let's make it big."
Hubert Baty: "Wait till I ask Madge about it."
Madge Biddle: "I'll have to see Hubert first."
Charlotte Pinkiert: "Tell me something about Vaughn."
Odessa Niehaus: "Another man gone."

Mort Kline: "A miss is as good as a mile."
Earle Marsh: "Yes, if she is good looking."

Josh Editor: "Would you call me an unconscious humorist?"
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WHY, ROBBIE!

Mr. Wagner (on dark and raining morning): "Now kids, if it gets too dark to draw, we'll all quit and play postoffice."

SHEET MUSIC

"Life is a Dream"—Ernest Peck.
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"Cunning Cupid"—The person who arranges picnics.

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Teacher: "Certainly, I hope you will."
Scrub: "What?"
Teacher: "You didn't expect to take it with you, did you?"

Teacher: "The human body is said to contain sulphur; some have a great deal and others only a little."
Witty: "Does that account for some people making better matches than others?"

Mr. White: "Why don't you stand up when you recite?"
Harold Hahn: "Because I can't see the book then."

Sympathetic: "Are you still reducing?"
V. S.: "Oh, my yes, I'm so encouraged, I've gone without eating for a week and gained a pound."

She (pointing to a scar on his ivory dome): "Is that a birth mark?"
He: "Yes indeed—got in the wrong berth and a lady kicked me in the head."

Teacher: "Yes, school books will be furnished by the State later on."
Paul Sengebush: "Wish they'd hurry; I need a car book."

CHALLENGE

Better Buy —the Better Butter

BUTTER

"Luck means rising at six in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you make two, minding your own business and not meddling with other peoples." Max O'Rell

Bear this in mind as you graduate and let the Security take care of that extra dollar.—

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George Starkey: "Have you seen the new noiseless Fords?"
Clark Brown: "No, what kind are they?"
George Starkey: "Those without the brass band on the hood."

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HEARD AT THE PICNIC

Mr. Quintin (in machine): "What are you going to do with these 'dogs?' "

Elwood Crane: "Just tie them on the back and let them run along."

Emil Ostler: "It's a good day for the race."
Ernest Peck: "What race?"
Emil Ostler: "The human race."

Miss Groves (in Senior A singing practice): "I want every eye, so please watch me carefully."

OFFICER, DO YOUR DUTY

Mr. Fonda (in Economics): "Class, what is luxury?"

Voice (somewhere): "I know where you can get ten of them for fifteen cents."

THEY LET 'EM LIVE

Miss Cahoon: "Mr. Kammerer, can you repeat my question?"
Archer Kammerer: "No, ma'am."
Miss Cahoon: "What's the reason you can't?"
Archer Kammerer: "I was thinking of the answer, Miss Cahoon."

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Everything for the student; the amateur or the professional

R. W. Heffelfinger

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A SENIOR ALPHABET

A is for Arthur, standing tall and sedate,
B is for Bedford, playing football of late.
C Is Celeste, who has plenty of fame,
D is for Dora, a most worthy dame.
E is for Earle, both lanky and lean,
G is for Gladys, with Barnes the last name.
H is for Harold, of football fame,
I is for Inith, as a musician cut,
J is Jerome, who is surely a nut.
K is for Kirk, whose hair is quite red,
L is Lucile, about whom there's "Nuff Sed."
M gives us Maude, so fond of the boys,
N is for Nora, who craves athletic joys.
O is for Osborne, who's as proud as can be,
P is for Paul, such a dear boy is he.
Q is for Quintin, our teacher so dear,
R is for Rupert, who runs in high gear.
T is for Charles Toney, who once had the mumps
U is for Useless, which stands for a scrub,
V gives us Vaughn, who is surely a dub.
W is for "Wally," so jolly and tall,
X is the next, meaning nothing at all.
Y gives us Young, Albertine her first name,
Z is for Zilpha, who is always the same.

WOULD LIKE TO HAVE YOU KNOW—

"I have pretty eyes."—Madeline Eastman.
"I can paddle a canoe."—Vera Smyth.
"I am a dangerous woman."—Odessa Niehaus.
"I am of considerable importance."—Richard Watson.
"I am a busy man."—Ernest Peck.
"I have something to say."—Lena Canatella.
"I mean what I say."—Earle Marsh.
"I am Manual's most prominent office seeker."—Elmo Lowe.
"I am popular with the boys."—Miss Oyler.

Mr. Clayton: "What did Jackson think the people meant when they elected him?

Walt Wuesthoff: "That they wanted him."

Note: And those were the last words the poor boy ever said.

Miss Dole (in hygiene): "What are you most interested in on your street?"

Dora Thomas: "The boy who lives across it."

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING MILLIONAIRES OR THE RESCUE OF ROSALIND

Copyright by Kirk Johnson

It was in *Colver* City. Dr. Wilson came up and said, "Where can Mrs. *Eby*?" I said I didn't know but I saw her get in a *Dodge* and drive toward the *Groves*. "Oh, *Tuttle*," said *Doc*, "the villians must be after her. We must rescue her." And with that, what did he do but *Mount* his noble steed and *Chase* towards the *Woods*. Stopping at some *Brooks*, we saw a *Grey White* in the ditance, but no, this was not a *Dodge*. With *Dole* looks we proceeded on. "A *Schilling* for any clue of the missing one," cried *Doc*. Maybe some *Cheroske* Indians have made her captive," said *Mr. Bovee*. *Doc* shot a hostile glance at at the speaker, but considering he was a *Freeman* and had a right to speak, he said nothing. "Now look what you went and *Dunn*," said *Miss Getchell*, "you have made him mad." *Doc's* glance was *Hostetler*. "Will you be *Goodenow*?" broke in *Miss Hifle*. Then we saw a "*Shepherd* in the distance" watching over some *Lambdins*. He could tell us nothing. We arrived at a lake and behold, there was the missing one paddling in the water, calling for help. She was bravely fighting a swordfish. How did the *Swerdfeger*? *Mr. Clayton* let *Adams-Fisher* out. "*Howell* are you?" asked *Doc*. "Oh, I'm all right, but the machine was up to *Detricks* again because I forgot to *Oyler*. I didn't understand its *Ames* until it began to balk and tear for the water."

"Let's have a feed," suggested *Miss Larson*. "Who is that person?" cried *Mrs. Eby*, pointing to one of the crowd. "That's *Ohlsson*," replied *Greenup*. "Isn't he coming along too?" "No, but *Faddis*. Shall I *Koller*?" said *Hansen*. "Let's be on our way," said *Donaldson*, "What is *Mr. Greenup* to and where is *Mr. Wagner*?" "Maybe he was held up," exclaimed *Olmstead*. "Nonsense," replied *Doc*. "Nobody would *Rob Wagner*." Then we gave our attention to the feed which went along fine with *Beveridge* from the *Whinery*, and plenty of *Murphys*. Too much *Beveridge* made *Miss Hifle*. She was very *Fonda* it. We folded up our *Bibbins* and the meal was over. *Miss Jones* said she weighed a ton and we asked her if it was a *Quinton*. *Mrs. Winterburn* suggested a boxing match. "Will *Baldwin*?" was asked. "If his *Armstrong* he might," answered *Beswick*. *Mr. Ligda* asked *Mr. Fenwick* to participate, but he said he was a *Hauschld* and not an outdoor athlete. "*Edwards* off the blows well, doesn't he?" said *Mr. Nilsson*. The decision was awarded *Mrs. Farnum* and all went home in high spirits in a *Michell*.

Author's note: The punctuation of this essay is punk. Please blame it on my English teachers.

LOVE AND WAR

Minister's son: "Miss Peach has such good taste."
Second ditto: "Fair enough; I kssed her too."
(Then followed the war mentioned.)

SNAPS AGAIN

FINIS

CHARLES Clark

E. E. Nance

Ronald Withee

Martha Patterson S'17

Clark E. Matthews

Arthur Male S'17.

Gladys Moe Clatchie S'17

Lawrence Walter Paul Kingsbury

Leone Carveny

Miriam Wise S'17

Emil Willenberg

Adah Thomas

Margaret Hopkins

Harold F. Blum

Hope Young

Clayton Davis S'17.

Troy Shuler

Mildred Matthews

Edith Bostwick S'17

Vivian Hall S'17

Elmer Bussell

H. C. Goodman Jr.

F. W. Conger

Charles Keller

Bustum

Neville

Kenneth Lungren

Hanna S'17

Jim Perkins

Jim Burns

Earl Lagrene

Edith Blanche

Edna Edmonds

Elizabeth Lawrence

George Anderson
G. 11.

Mildred Boggs
'11

Louise Brahm

Tenpo Fukuda
'11 保田寛之

Marguerite O'Reilly
S. 16.

Mary A. Spencer
'11

Grace Stevens
'11

Ruth Kendall
'11

Dorothy Case
'11

Katherine Smith
'11